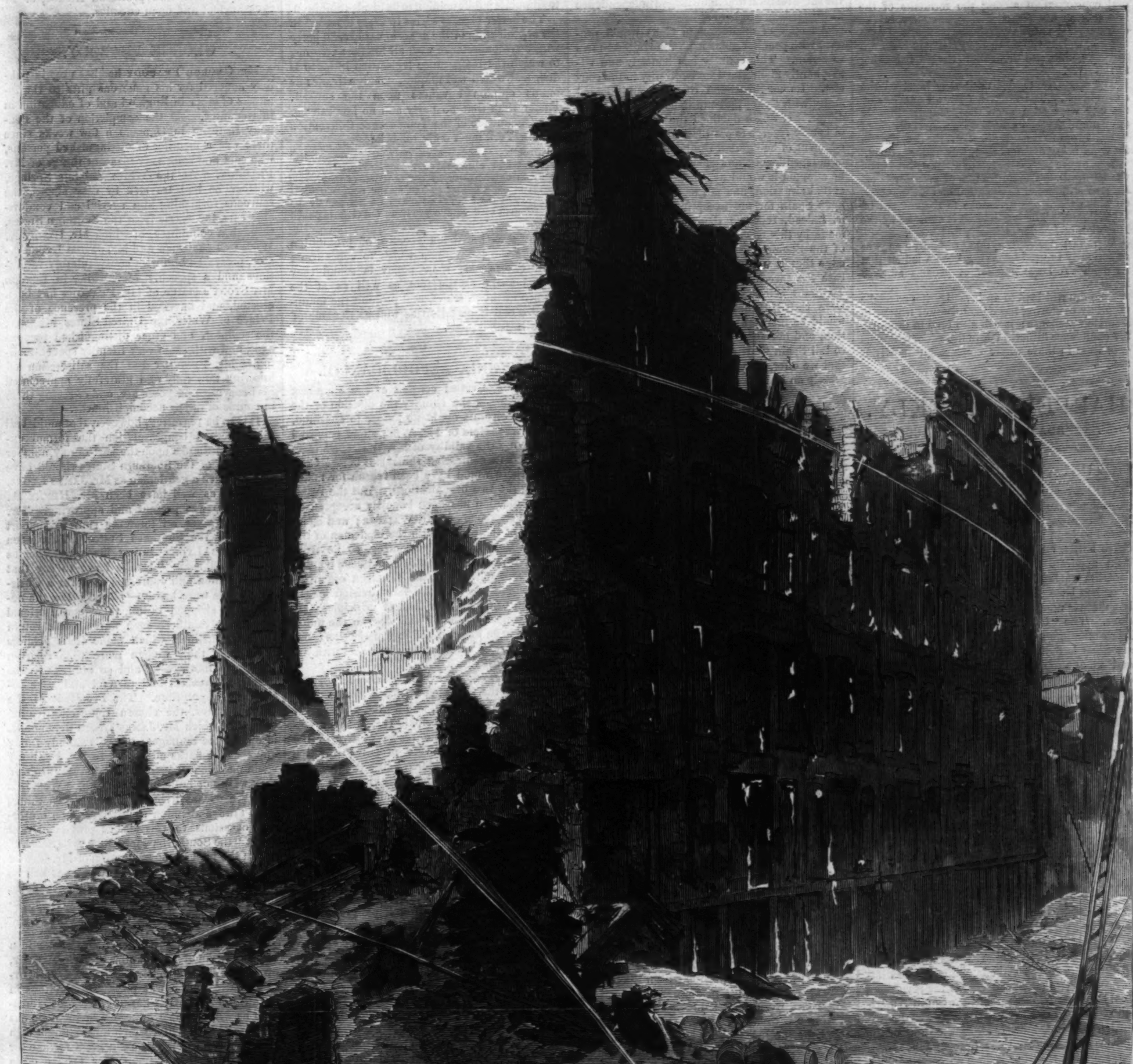
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XIII.—No. 660.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.



GREAT WHISKY CONFLAGRATION IN PHILADELPHIA, ON THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 4, 1869.—Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 530.]

THE FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA.

The late fire in Philadelphia was the most destructive that ever occurred in that city. The buildings consumed constituted the largest warehouse in the United States. They possessed an enormous capacity, and were considered by their architects to be so completely proof against fire that they advised the owner to avoid the expense of insurance.

These buildings were erected for Colonel W. C. Patterson in 1854; they were nine in number, situated on Front Street, extending east to Penn Street, and having also a front on Lombard. They were of brick, with iron columns on the first story, and with walls eighteen inches in thickness.

The fire originated in the section on the corner of Lombard Street. About seven o'clock a large portion of the wall on Lombard Street fell to the pavement with a loud crash, supposed to have been pushed out by the weight upon the floors. The whisky stored went down with the ruins, and in a few moments a terrific explosion took place, throwing down every wall of section H, scattering bricks, timbers, etc., in every direction, while the flames shot up in a solid body far above the surrounding buildings, creating a general consternation among the residents of the neighborhood. The explosion, of course, set the entire contents of the warehouse on fire, and soon burning whisky ran down the gutters in Swanson Street to Pine, and thence into the sewer leading to the river.

The flames extended until they involved the entire block. The firemen from all quarters of the city were soon upon the ground. Shortly after midnight their efforts were materially aided by a shower of rain. By daylight the fire, though far from being extinguished, was under control.

There were 25,000 barrels of whisky stored upon the premises. The entire loss of property is estimated at between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000, on which there was insurance to the amount of $2,299,000. The largest loss is suffered by the Imperial, of London, namely, $319,000.

William Alburger, one of the firemen, was so seriously injured by falling from a ladder that he died. A large number of persons suffered injuries.

This fire will lead to an investigation as to the propriety of storing large quantities of whisky in a single warehouse; it will also tend to diminish the confidence hitherto felt in fire-proof buildings—at least in those where combustible matter is stored.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, August 21, 1869.

THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN.

THE revolution in Cuba has now continued for ten months. The intelligence from the island is always confused and uncertain; but there has been no report of any serious and decisive battle, and the military operations have been apparently confined to skirmishes and guerrilla warfare. The form of a civil government has been proclaimed in the Cuban camp, but there is no evidence that it fulfills any functions. The "Grand Congress" on the 13th of April unanimously declared that the revolutionary party is fighting for independence of Spain and annexation to the United States; and the Junta in New York from time to time announces that it has very good news, and that decisive events are about to happen.

Meanwhile the wrongs under which Cuba suffered from the government which Spain has overthrown are notorious. The island was squeezed to furnish money for the Spanish treasury, and was controlled wholly by foreign interests and influences, so that every kind of progress was hopeless. For many years there has been profound discontent; and if the Cuban revolution had not been simultaneous with that of Spain, and the character of the population had inspired more confidence in the practicability of a wise and liberal political system, the revolt would have commanded the unmingled sympathy of civilized countries. But the events in Spain promising great reforms naturally suggested waiting to learn whether terms of conciliation might not be offered which would be agreeable to the Cubans, while it was difficult to believe that the success of the revolution would do more than establish a South American republic upon the island. This last consideration does not, indeed, affect the right of the Cubans to establish their independence of a harsh foreign rule, but it does necessarily affect the feeling with which the effort is regarded.

During the ten months of the revolution Spain has been busy at home remodeling its government, and has finally adopted a liberal Constitution, with general suffrage and freedom of the press—indeed, with the usual safeguards of liberty, but with a royal head of the system. Unable to agree upon a King, the Assembly appointed a Regent, and the present political situation of the country is therefore temporary. But in a country so long subject to ecclesiastical domination as Spain has been there is an ignorance of the kind that is most difficult to remove or to control. There have been plots and risings, and although order has been generally maintained the country is still disturbed, and its situation is far from satisfactory. The last loan for the public expenses was taken at 30 to 40 cents on the dollar, and the deficit this year must be many millions of dollars. More troops for Cuba can hardly be spared, and those upon the island are evidently unable to subdue the revolutionists. It is reported that a general levy of the Spanish population in Cuba is now to be made for a final effort against the revolution. Should that fail the result would seem to be inevitable.

Under these circumstances it is reported that the United States have proposed to the Spanish Government that Cuba shall be relinquished upon the payment of a certain sum, for which the United States shall be security. And it is added that this proposition is accompanied by the threat that if Spain does not accede, belligerent rights or the independence of Cuba will be acknowledged by this Government. It would be better, however, for the United States to offer to mediate than to make a distinct proposition of this kind; because if accompanied with the threat named it is virtually an intervention. Recognition of belligerent rights to Cuba would be a preliminary recognition of independence. Such a concession, as Mr. Sumner truly says in his speech upon *Our Foreign Relations*, "bears the same relation to acknowledged independence as gristle bears to bone."

An offer of mediation in Cuba would proceed with peculiar grace from the United States to Spain. This country has honestly and triumphantly maintained its neutrality in the contest. Its neighborhood to Cuba and its old amity with Spain indicate it as a friendly mediator. If Spain declined the offer we should of course reserve to our discretion the acknowledgment of belligerent rights or the recognition of independence; and when either course should be adopted it would appear as the result of the actual situation, and not as a penalty imposed upon Spain for not accepting our advice. It is, indeed, reported that this offer has been made by this Government upon the suggestion of the Spanish Minister, and with the knowledge that it would be accepted. But in that case the threat would be wholly unnecessary. To grant belligerent rights to Cuba when we were satisfied that it was entitled to them would be merely the recognition of the situation, and not an unfriendly act to Spain. But to tell Spain that it must accept certain terms that we offer, or we will virtually take Cuba, is merely an insult.

TEMPERANCE IN POLITICS.

The Massachusetts Democratic Convention meets on the 24th of August, and will doubtless nominate Mr. John Quincy Adams, who will get a much larger vote than he did last year, because of the Temperance complication. A few years since there was virtually a prohibitory law in Massachusetts. Then came a reaction; and after some delay a law was passed, like that recommended by the committee of the late Temperance Convention in this State, which authorized each town to determine for itself whether to license or prohibit. That, again, was superseded at the last session of the Legislature by the present law, which is prohibitory of all the ordinary drinks except cider. Even lager beer is forbidden. This, however, was against the advice of Governor Claflin, of Senator Wilson, and of Mr. W. B. Spooner, the President of the Temperance Alliance, who was in consequence asked to resign.

But the law was no sooner enforced by the seizure of Mr. Pfaff's supplies of lager beer than there was such a protest of public opinion that, after the delay of a day or two, there came a written opinion of the Attorney-General, under which the liquor was restored and the prosecution abandoned; and presently Mr. Spooner was invited to resume the Presidency of the Temperance Association. Meanwhile Judge Pitman, the leader of the prohibitory party and late President of the Senate, had been appointed by Governor Claflin to the bench, and a lager beer seller at Arlington was convicted before him, and received the whole sentence of the law. The feeling of the State is aroused, and the Temperance question will inevitably be an important element in the election.

It is, of course, a question within the Republican party. The liquor interest organizes, subscribes, works, but is much too sensible to nominate a separate ticket. It throws all its votes for the party which is most favorable to its purposes; and that is the Democratic party. The temperance men, whether moderate or thorough, are Republicans. Many of the most ardent are anxious that the Republican party should declare for prohibition; and this year many of the moderates, unwilling that the party should fall under the control of the thorough temperance leaders, will either not vote at all, or will vote for Mr. Adams as a protest and warning. The papers are discussing vigorously the proper policy for the party Convention to pursue. The *Commonwealth*—a radical Republican but not a radical temperance advocate—thinks that it will be neither possible nor reputable for the Convention to avoid the question, and urges a plain declaration of principle.

Hitherto the party has refused to make prohibition a test; and it should reflect very carefully before it decides to do so now. Of course no well-informed man, Republican or not, supposes that a majority of the voters in the country are now, or will be for a long time, in favor of a prohibitory law. The reason of this is by no means that the relation of drunkenness and crime is not well understood; but it is to be sought in opinions as to the most efficient remedy of the difficulty, and of the rightful function of government. A Republican, therefore, who urges that the party shall make prohibition a party principle, proposes that the party shall retire from the control of public affairs; and his course can be justified only by the conviction that the ascendency of the Democratic party will be more serviceable to the country, and directly or indirectly to the cause of temperance. That it would be better to call the Democratic party to power in the present situation of the country, although the great debate of the last few years is passing away, no Republican believes. If, however, he would make prohibition a party principle, it can only be because he holds that Democratic dominance, with unrestrained license of drinking, would be a greater blessing than the supremacy of the Republican party with moderate temperance legislation. His policy would be to increase drunkenness in order to stimulate public opinion to its legal prohibition.

The better plan, it seems to us, is to maintain the organization of the great and powerful party whose sympathies are with all humane reforms, to which the temperance legislation hitherto is due, and which will unquestionably advance as public opinion advances upon the subject. Faster than that no party and no law can go. The Committee of the Temperance Convention of New York most truly remark:

> "Prohibitory legislation as the fruit of mere political organizations, either through pressure upon those already in existence or by the creation of new ones, would prove a failure except as the people gave it efficiency by the force of a popular verdict, and by the enforcement of adequate penalties for violating such a law."

But thus far the advocates of prohibition mistake the point upon which to concentrate their efforts. If their policy is sound they should strike at the root as well as at the branch of the mischief, and prohibit the manufacture and importation as well as the sale of intoxicating liquors.

VIRGINIA REPUBLICANISM.

By the universal consent of the stanchest Republicans in the country the division of the party in Virginia ought no longer to continue. If the supporters of Mr. Wells had persisted in denying the validity of Mr. Walker's election, and in contesting the result before Congress, there would have been reason for maintaining the two organizations. But the result of the election has been honestly accepted by the late opponents of Mr. Walker; and as an earnest of their good faith the chairman of the Wells Committee, representing, as he truly says, a hundred thousand Republican voters, proposes a union with the Walker organization, remarking that the late division was a question of men rather than of principles. It may be regretted that, if this were so, the union had not been effected before the election; but it was not, and we must therefore deal with the actual situation.

The election, as will be remembered, was carried by the secession of about twenty thousand Republican votes, which were cast for Mr. Walker. The bulk of his vote was not Republican, and when the representative of the unmixed Republican vote proposes a union upon an honorable understanding there should be no hesitation upon the other side. If there be hesitation it is suspicious, and the reply of Mr. Gilmer must therefore be considered unsatisfactory. Mr. Gilmer asserts that the party which he represents is the National Republican party of Virginia; and he asks whether the fact that many who were lately secessionists acted with it makes it less Republican.

The reply to this is, that those who were professedly and notoriously not Republican voted for Mr. Walker. The bitterest enemies and revilers of the Republican policy were his supporters. Such persons as the correspondent of the *World*, whose remarks we recently quoted, were among the Walker voters. Does Mr. Gilmer claim that in any serious sense they are Republicans? The very number of the *World* which contains the letter of Mr. Gilmer says, derisively: "The Democratic party had nothing to do with the Virginia election." Certainly not! Mr. O'Gorman exclaims exultingly to a crowd at Tammany, in whose name Mr. Garvin nominates John T. Hoffman for President, that Virginia has done well. The Republican policy was carried in Virginia mainly by the votes of its opponents. That fact is universally known and acknowledged, and Mr. Gilmer has no right to claim that such a body of voters is the Republican party of Virginia merely because from the necessity of the situation they sustained the conditions imposed by Congress. When he says to the hundred thousand undoubted Republicans who voted for Mr. Wells that he will "gladly welcome" them to a party of twenty thousand Republicans, *plus* four times as many of their opponents, he may insist that he represents the friends of General Grant, but he must remember that those friends support Tammany Hall, Mr. O'Gorman, and Mr. Garvin in denouncing General Grant.

The plain duty of Mr. Gilmer was to have accepted immediately and heartily the proposition of Mr. Jenkins, and to have secured the organization of all those who, however previously differing upon the question of amnesty, differ no longer, and who have no difference whatever upon the other great points of Republican policy, equal suffrage, the Fifteenth Amendment, and all that they imply. His refusal prolongs the perplexing situation. He, indeed, gladly welcomes the most earnest Republicans to the fellowship, among others, of those who remark that "we have had to shut our eyes, hold our nose, and swallow the black dose of negro suffrage." But that is evidently not a promising method of uniting a Republican party.

It will be necessary for the friends of the Administration and its principles to watch the course of affairs in Virginia with great attention. Governor Walker speaks very fairly. But when he says that equal rights must be maintained, it is for him to consider by whom they are most likely to be honestly maintained; by their proved and professed friends, or by their ancient and open enemies.

GEORGE PEABODY.

Mr. George Peabody has been again publicly honored for his generous gifts to the interests of labor in England and of education in this country. At the completion of the Peabody Institute in Danvers a few weeks since there was a meeting of distinguished persons, who said and sang very pleasant things of Mr. Peabody. At the White Sulphur Springs, whither he had traveled by easy stages, the railroads furnishing him special and comfortable cars, the guests from the Southern States, through a committee, of which Mr. Henry A. Wise was chairman and Mr. James Lyons orator, presented him with congratulatory resolutions and a speech. Meanwhile, in London Mr. Story's statue of Mr. Peabody has been erected, and unveiled in the presence of the Prince of Wales, the United States Minister, the sculptor, and other distinguished personages, and with some very friendly speech-making. Mr. Peabody has the satisfaction of knowing how fully and gratefully appreciated his benevolent purposes are, and of seeing them in course of happy accomplishment.

It is to be regretted, however, that amidst all this deserved congratulation the formal expression of thanks upon the part of any number of citizens of the Southern States should have fallen to such a gentleman as Mr. James Lyons. It might as well have been Mr. Henry A. Wise, who was present and approving. Mr. Peabody gives an immense sum to support schools in the Southern States. Thereupon Mr. James Lyons, lifting his wings, begins to flap and soar: "I take leave to say that down-trodden and oppressed as never a Christian people were before—placed below the negro, and stripped of all their constitutional rights, the Southern men nevertheless retain the lofty instincts which made their soldiers brave, and their women more than Spartan wives and mothers—" and so on. This was peculiarly graceful and tasteful and conciliatory and appropriate. The President of the United States, the chosen representative of the policy which Mr. James Lyons denounced, is one of the managers of the Peabody fund; and these remarks addressed to Mr. Peabody could only be considered an elaborate insult, if they were not ludicrously childish. Why is it that Americans living in the Southern States must always abandon themselves upon oratorical occasions to this absurd provincial rant about "the Southern people" and "the South?" When the men of the generation of Mr. Henry A. Wise have passed away their sons will be proud of being citizens of a great and beneficent nation, and we shall hear no more of this sectional gasconade, which always recoils in ridicule upon the speaker.

In London the Prince of Wales spoke in a friendly strain of this country, of Mr. Peabody, of Mr. Story, and of Mr. Motley. Mr. Motley's little speech was peculiarly felicitous in its allusions to Mr. Peabody. "Most fortunate as well as most generous of men, he has discovered a secret for which misers might sigh in vain—the art of keeping a great fortune for himself through all time. For I have often thought of a famous epitaph, familiar, no doubt, to many who now hear me, 'What I spent I had; what I gave I have; what I kept I lost.' And what a magnificent treasure, according to these noble and touching words, has our friend, and the poor man's friend, preserved for himself till time shall be no more, and

'Tongues to be his bounty shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead.'"

A JUNKETING TYRANT.

In the good old Democratic days which were so piteously bemoaned the other evening at Tammany Hall, and whose return is so ardently desired by the disinterested patriots there assembled, there could be no such grave and withering charges as "junketing" brought against the President of the United States. The innocent recreations of that great and good man, the penultimate Democratic President, Pierce, were co-operating with Border Ruffians led by the Democratic Atchison, and shooting free settlers in Kansas. The relaxations of his successor, and the last blessing in the form of a Democratic President that has been vouchsafed to us, Mr. James Buchanan, were harboring rebels in his Cabinet, and wringing his hands over the beginnings of civil war, with the maundering complaint that nobody had a right to do so, and nobody had a right to stop it. These were the reasonable and humane diversions over which Tammany was vocal with praises.

Alas! alas! we have fallen upon evil days! The President of the United States, no longer gayly causing American freemen to be shot, and propagating slavery—no more airily regretting that rebellion can not be stopped—abandons himself to breathing the ocean air at Long Branch and recuperating at Saratoga. Since Tiberius disported himself at Capri there has been nothing so odious as the "junketing" of the gloomy, imperial Grant at the sea-side. Such is the emergency that Democratic patriots hasten to the city to denounce the President for going out of town. Leaving the "two-forty" in the wagon, the iced Champagne in the goblet, and the pâté untouched until the end of their speeches, they arraign in far-resounding rhetoric this feasting tyrant. What was Nero's fiddling while Rome was burning to Grant's "junketing" while the rights of American citizens are every where despised?

It is notorious, it is flagrant, that since Grant destroyed the renown of his country in the field he has ruined its influence in the Cabinet, and that no American any where is longer safe. A hundred thousand Americans are wandering around the world, and every body knows that they may all be roasted at slow fires by the effete Despotisms, while the taciturn Grant, unconcerned, will still twist his scornful heel around in the Lancers, and loll and languish in the lap of Sybaritic delights. Oh, for an hour of the Spartan Pierce! of the heroic Buchanan! of the spotless Floyd! of the incorruptible Cobb! of the patriotic J. Davis, of Mississippi! of the liberty-loving Mason! of the honorable Slidell! of Henry A. Wise! of Wigfall! of Vallandigham! of H. Clay Dean! of all the noble Democratic host whose names and deeds are the national glory!

For further particulars of our progress toward voluptuous empire, and of our fatal tendency to selfish and corrupt politics, inquire at the office of the Mayor, of the Corporation Attorney, and of the District Attorney. The latter, in the intervals of its public advertisement at Tammany Hall, will be glad to show to all interested an infallible remedy for junketing at Long Branch, which its name is John T. Hoffman, that only junkets at Saratoga.

THE CROTON BOARD.

This is one of the few distinct portions of the city government which has the confidence of tax-payers, but yet it is the only one whose salaries are not paid by the tax-eaters who control the affairs of the city. The officers of the Board are Thomas Stephens, President; Robert L. Darragh, Assist. Commissioner; and General George S. Green, Chief Engineer. The latter succeeded Mr. Craven, who is now in Europe, and possesses all the requisites for the station—engineering skill, official integrity, and high personal character—and doubtless exercises the same influence over the action of the Board which was allowed to Mr. Craven. Its duties are of the most important character. A reservoir for storing water in Putnam County, to maintain during the heats of summer the requisite daily supply of sixty million gallons of water, is now being constructed—work with which General Green is perfectly familiar; but the importance of the Board is most felt in the arrangements necessary for the distribution of the water, in which they are brought into contact with every citizen.

If this duty were not performed impartially and justly the city would feel the burdens of misgovernment with a severity not yet known, as there is the widest opening for favoritism and oppression in fixing the charge upon each citizen, and particularly among those whose supply is special, arising from some industry in which they are engaged. The persons constituting the Board are in the constant and diligent performance of their duties, and would unquestionably be paid but for the want of agreement in the distribution of patronage between them and those who pay the salaries. The grounds alleged, however, are the litigation set on foot by John J. Bradley to oust Mr. Stephens from the office of President, and a supposed illegal construction of the Board, resulting from their refusal to recognize him in that position. The Supreme Court here, after Mr. Bradley had abandoned his claim to the office as hopeless, on a renewal of it found no difficulty—such is its construction—in supporting his last position; and the case now remains in the Court of Appeals, Mr. Stephens being the appellant waiting for its decision. Mr. Bradley bases his claim on a supposed appointment by the Board of Aldermen, in December, 1866, made on the nomination of the Mayor; and Mr. Stephens, appointed originally in 1860, holds, on the strength of two successive acts of the Legislature since passed, which leave no doubt of their intent.

By the first of those acts, passed in May, 1866, several months in advance of Mr. Bradley's appointment, it was declared that "the Engineer and Assistant Commissioner of the Croton Aqueduct Department shall continue in office for the term of three years from and after the passage of this act, *and any vacancy in their number shall be filled by the members of the Board remaining in office*," etc., a provision which divested the Board of Aldermen of the right to appoint Mr. Bradley, if the act is valid.

Mr. Bradley, immediately after this supposed appointment by the Board of Aldermen, took the oath of office and applied for a mandamus against Mr. Stephens to remove the latter on the ground of such invalidity; but the case was decided against Mr. Bradley, and no appeal was taken. The title of the act related exclusively to the tax levy.

In this state of things, and while Mr. Stephens was actually occupying the position—no one contesting—the Legislature, in 1867, passed a further act that "the term of office of the persons now severally *discharging the duties and exercising the powers* of President Commissioner, Assistant Commissioner, and Chief Engineer Commissioner of the Croton Aqueduct Department, is hereby fixed for the term of five years, from the first day of January, 1867," etc.

It was not until May, 1868, a year and a half after Mr. Bradley's supposed appointment, and long after his acquiescence in the decision made against him, and also after he had withdrawn his protest against the payment of Mr. Stephens's salary, and openly consented to its payment, that he commenced new proceedings to remove Mr. Stephens from office.

The ground now alleged is the same originally taken—that is to say, that the first act of the Legislature is void because it was a local matter and appeared in what he terms a local bill, the tax levy for 1866; and further, that at the time of the passage of the act of 1867, authorizing the Board to hold over, Mr. Stephens was a usurper illegally occupying the office; that Bradley was then its legal incumbent, incapable of vacating it without resigning to the Mayor and Board of Aldermen, and also that the act of 1867 violates the Constitution.

The two provisions of the Constitution relied upon are, first, "that no private or local bills, etc., shall embrace more than one subject, and that shall be expressed in the title;" and, second, that "all county officers, etc., shall be *elected* by the electors of the respective counties, or *appointed* by the Boards of Supervisors or other county authorities, as the Legislature shall direct," etc.; but this provision was added, that "all officers whose offices may hereafter (Constitution of 1846) be created by law shall be elected by the people or *appointed, as the Legislature may direct.*"

If both acts are void, then Mr. Bradley claims that the former acts creating the Croton Aqueduct Department are unrepealed, and that he was appointed pursuant to this authority.

The answer to this ground, if his long acquiescence in the decision against him, which still stands as a complete adjudication, is not fatal, is this, that the Croton Board is not merely confined to the city of New York, and hence is not *local*. The works extend through Putnam and Westchester counties, where large and important duties are constantly to be performed, and the Board stands on the footing of the Board of Health, which derived its authority from the Legislature, and was sustained by the courts for the reason that its duties extended to adjoining localities. Nor is the tax levy local; on the contrary, it partakes of the character of a public and general law. This has been decided in several cases, though not by the Court of Appeals. To extend the term of an incumbent has also been held not to violate the latter constitutional provision. By the amended charter of 1849 the Croton Board was constructed anew, and, having been created since 1846, the provision that they may be appointed as the Legislature shall direct would seem to apply. On these grounds it would seem to be clear that the Board will be sustained. If one is ousted the others must speedily follow.

This attempt to reconstruct the Croton Board, so that it shall be in harmony with the abuses which appertain to the whole city government, is part of the scheme for making the city independent of the Legislature. The city owes the same allegiance to the State which may be exacted from any county. The government of the State is a unit, and each city is a mere part of its political machinery for carrying into effect its public powers, and it may legislate for the city at its pleasure within the limits which the Constitution prescribes. The tax-payer finds protection nowhere else than in the Legislature, and although it is not ample trembles to think what will be his condition if the court of final resort in this State shall sweep away this weak but only safeguard.

But there can be no doubt that the warrant to pay the salaries of those who perform the duties of the Croton Board would readily be signed if they possessed that happy facility of disposition, elsewhere so general, which allows the property of tax payers to be consumed with an unappeazed appetite by those who now control our local affairs for their own selfish interests.

NOTES.

It is very amusing to observe the kind of criticism which is lavished upon the movement for the extension of political rights to women. They hold a Convention in this country, and they are told that when they wish the suffrage they will have it, but that women ought to speak for themselves. They hold a meeting in London at which Mr. Mill, Mr. Morley, Professor Fawcett, Lord Houghton, and others speak, and thereupon it is said that the willingness of English women to hold their tongues is the reason of the greater dignity of the cause in England. Whether they speak or whether they forbear, they are equally criticised. But it would certainly have been comical if the American Sons of Liberty had been told that if they would only hold their tongues they would serve their cause better.

A Democratic organ of General Rosecrans for Governor of Ohio says, that "it will be a glorious day for Catholics when, under the blows of justice and morality, our common-school system will be shattered to pieces." Massimo d'Azeglio, always a Roman Catholic, who was for some time Prime Minister of Victor Emanuel, says, in his memoirs: "My education was governed by the Jesuit system, and the problem it has always so admirably solved is this—to keep a young man till he is twenty constantly employed in studies which are of little or no value in forming his character, his intelligence, and his judgment."

The Government of the United States recently forbade the departure of thirty gun-boats now building for the Spanish Government with the supposed intention of making war upon Peru. Those who are resolved not to be satisfied that the Administration is either vigorous, sensible, or honorable, thereupon shouted that they were not meant for Peru at all, but for Cuba; and that, wishing to help Cuba indirectly, the Government professed what it did not believe. If the Cabinet of General Grant wishes to recognize Cuba as a belligerent, it will do so, and do it openly. If it does not, it will continue to regard its neutral duties as honestly as heretofore. It certainly will not resort to such an elaborate and clumsy expedient, which could be instantly exposed. Those who hail the arrest upon this theory as an indication of a laudable intention to assist the Cuban revolutionists must entertain very remarkable ideas of honorable national and official conduct.

The Free-Trade League has opened a most vigorous attack in "Notes on Fallacies peculiar to American Protectionists," by Dr. Francis Lieber. Dr. Lieber is one of our profoundest students of political and economical science; and his brief and pointed pamphlet is a magazine of hand grenades. The most popular arguments in favor of protection are skillfully refuted and with force and knowledge. The wide circulation of the pamphlet can not fail to be of great service to the cause of Free Trade, and the friends of Protection will find it necessary to oppose this brisk and telling volley by something equally trenchant and striking.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The public debt statement shows a reduction of the Government indebtedness during the month of July amounting to $7,435,744 29.

The Chicago City Government have ordered the building of a second tunnel under the river, similar to that at Washington Street. The new tunnel is to be made at La Salle Street.

In the election which took place in Tennessee August 6 Mr. Senter, the Conservative candidate, was chosen Governor by a majority of about 50,000.

General Rosecrans wisely declines the nomination of the Ohio Democratic Convention for the Governorship of that State.

It never rains but it pours. The success of the French cable has led to a shower of projects for new ocean cable lines. An "American" line is projected, for communication with some friendly European power, probably Prussia. Another line is proposed to connect Scotland with Quebec. The Portuguese Chambers have adopted a resolution granting concessions to companies desiring to lay submarine cables to or from the shores of Portugal. Then, again, a West India and Panama Telegraph Company has been organized to connect South America with Europe and this country by means of a cable from Cuba to Central America. Less directly connected with American interests than these projected lines is the line that will be laid early next year between Falmouth (England), Gibraltar, and Malta—which latter point is already in telegraphic communication with Egypt, from which a cable will be laid to Bombay next April.

FOREIGN NEWS.

An international exhibition is to be held at Turin in 1872, to commemorate the completion of the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

A terrible accident occurred near Dresden, in Saxony, August 2, in the coal mines of the mountain districts. Over three hundred persons were killed.

The preliminary surveys for a ship canal through Schleswig-Holstein, to connect the Baltic and the North Seas, have been completed. It is thought the Prussian Government will undertake the work.

At the opening of the session of the French Senate, August 2, M. Rouher made an address. He referred to the duty devolved upon that body of examining the proposed reforms, and said they should inquire whether they were popular enough to go hand in hand with liberty, and at the same time strong enough to resist anarchy. He was confident the Senate would enter upon this discussion with the firm intention of interpreting the will of the country, and that by the combined efforts of the Government and the Senate a more genuine harmony would be established between the powers of the State and the institutions of the Empire, and both would acquire renewed strength, lustre, and popularity.

A slight fire in the Cathedral of Trani, Sicily, recently, during the celebration of a great festival, caused a panic in the congregation, and sixteen people were trampled to death and others were badly injured.

The British Government has refused to recognize Mr. James Haggerty, the new United States Consul to Glasgow, on the ground that he is in sympathy with the Fenians.

On August 6, during the session of the British Parliament much commotion was caused by a loud explosion, and the discovery of a canister which had contained powder.

The Cubans have lately received reinforcements, and appear to take a hopeful view of the situation. They have taken Holguin, and propose to make it their seat of government. The order of Secretary Fish relating to the seizure of Spanish vessels nominally intended for operations against Peru, and the recall of Rear-Admiral Hoff from his post in Cuban waters will do much to encourage the revolutionists. Admiral Hoff was suspected of active sympathy with Spain.

M. Lessep's Suez Canal seems to have a little upset the Egyptian Viceroy. His prophetic eye catches a glimpse of the Egyptian empire to be, and he is impatient of the Turkish Sultan's supremacy. He has had a *quasi* independence for many years, but this is not satisfactory. His pretensions, displayed during his late European tour, displeased the Sultan, and but for the intervention of the great Powers war might have followed. This intervention, and the poverty of both the Egyptian and Turkish exchequers will undoubtedly secure peace.

THE ECLIPSE.

The eclipse of August 7 was a complete success. The weather was unusually auspicious for scientific observations, particularly along the line of total obscuration, extending from Alaska to South Carolina. At Des Moines, Iowa, Springfield, Illinois, Louisville and Shelbyville, Kentucky, Cincinnati, Ohio, Terre Haute, Indiana, and Wilmington, North Carolina, the rose-colored protuberances were observed. Mercury and Venus were visible to the naked eye. The result of these scientific observations will probably be soon given to the world in a compact form.

We give below four cuts showing the appearance of the eclipse at New York city during the several stages of obscuration. Our diagrams are from photographs furnished by Rockwood, of this city.

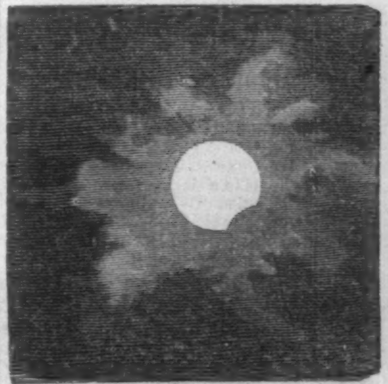


Fig. 1.—Solar Eclipse, New York.

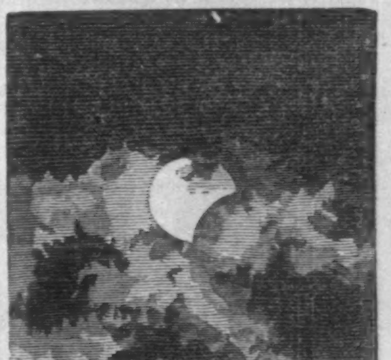


Fig. 2.—Solar Eclipse, New York.

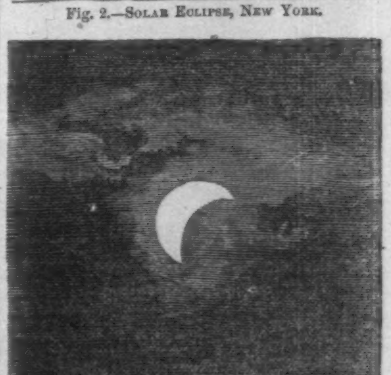


Fig. 3.—Solar Eclipse, New York.

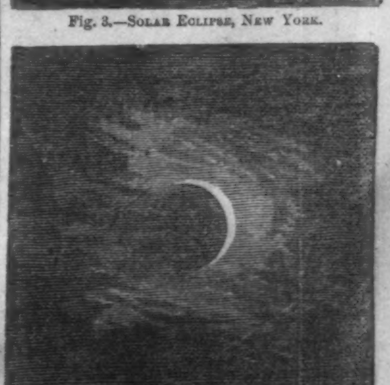
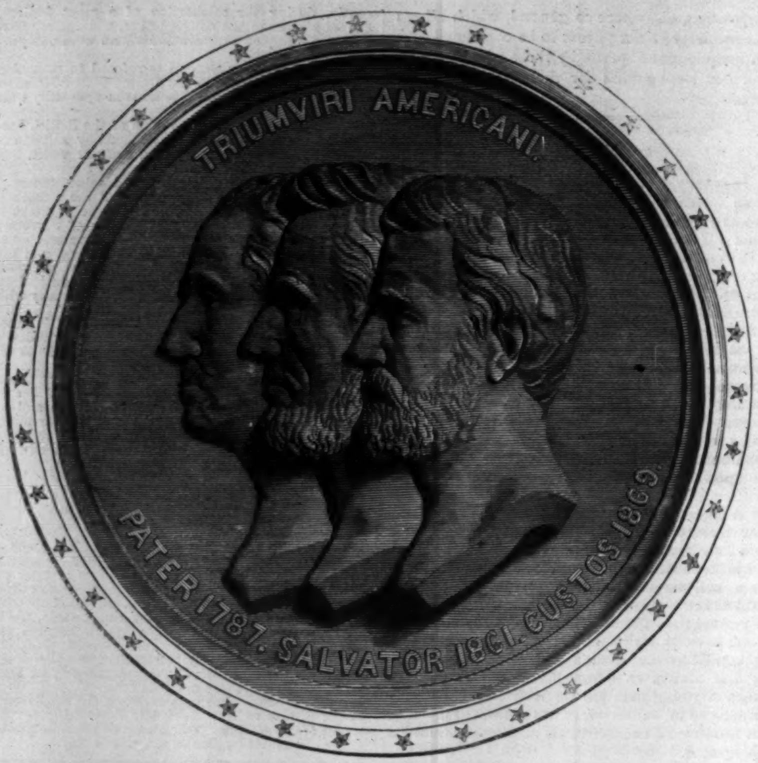


Fig. 4.—Solar Eclipse, New York.


TRIUMVIRI AMERICANI.
PATER 1787. SALVATOR 1861. CUSTOS 1869.

THE AMERICAN TRIUMVIRATE—MEDALLION PRESENTED TO MRS. GENERAL GRANT BY EX-SECRETARY BORIE.

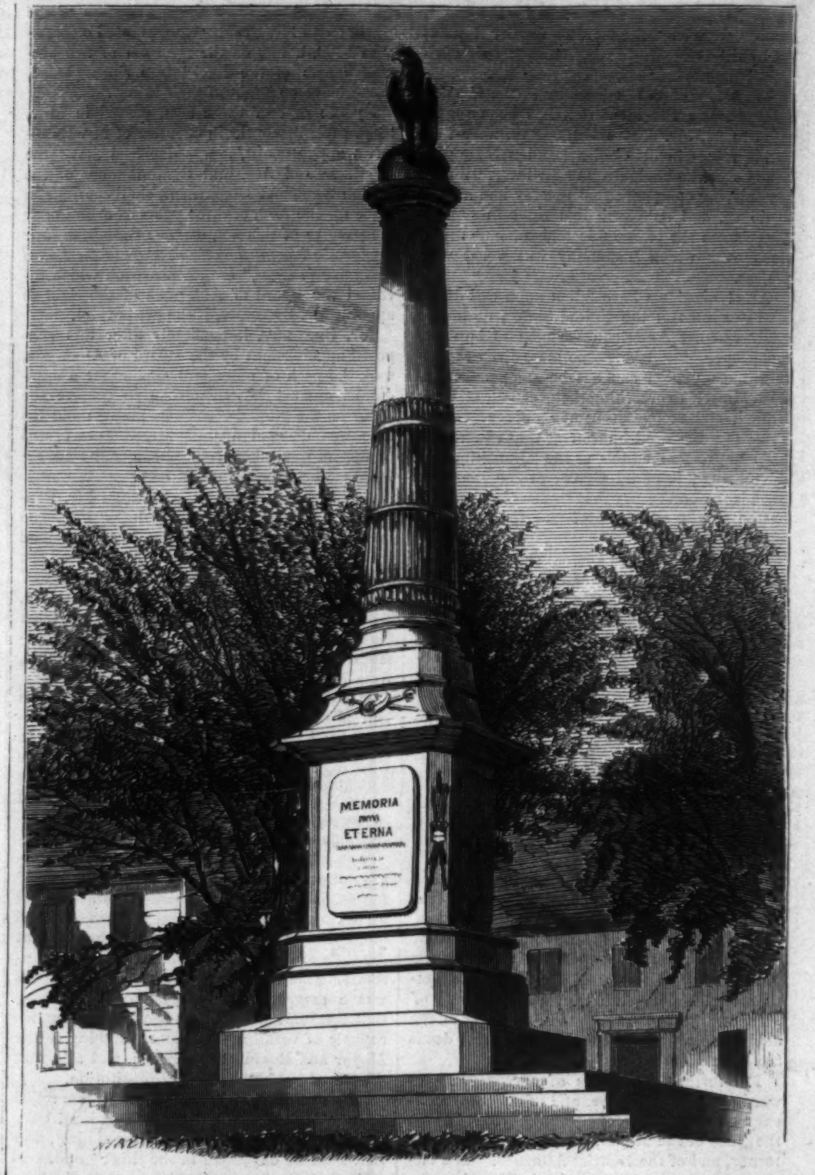
THE AMERICAN TRIUMVIRATE.

A medallion has been recently published by W. Miller & Co., Artists, of Philadelphia, giving in a single view the heads of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant. The idea of combining these three heads in a single piece of art reflects a popular conception. Washington, Lincoln, and Grant were made Presidents at the three great critical eras of our history. Washington—the Virginian gentleman—is the characteristic representative of our colonial period. Lincoln and Grant belong to that new era in which the gigantic West plays so important a part. History will record that General Grant was the guardian of our liberties even before he was called to the seat of Executive power. Truly Washington will ever stand upon record as the Father of his country, Lincoln as its Savior, and Grant as its Preserver.

This medallion is of bronze, the heads being of life-size. It was privately presented to Mrs. General Grant at Long Branch by ex-Secretary Borie. Messrs. Miller & Co. are executing a number of artistic pieces of this character, which are of great beauty and value.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS.

On Monday, August 9, the Soldiers' Monument at Plymouth, Massachusetts, was dedicated. The location of a monument commemorative of the heroes of the war for the Union upon a spot which was nearly two hundred and fifty years ago rendered sacred by the landing of the Pilgrims makes this dedication an occasion of great popular interest; and we have, therefore, given an illustration of the monument on this page.

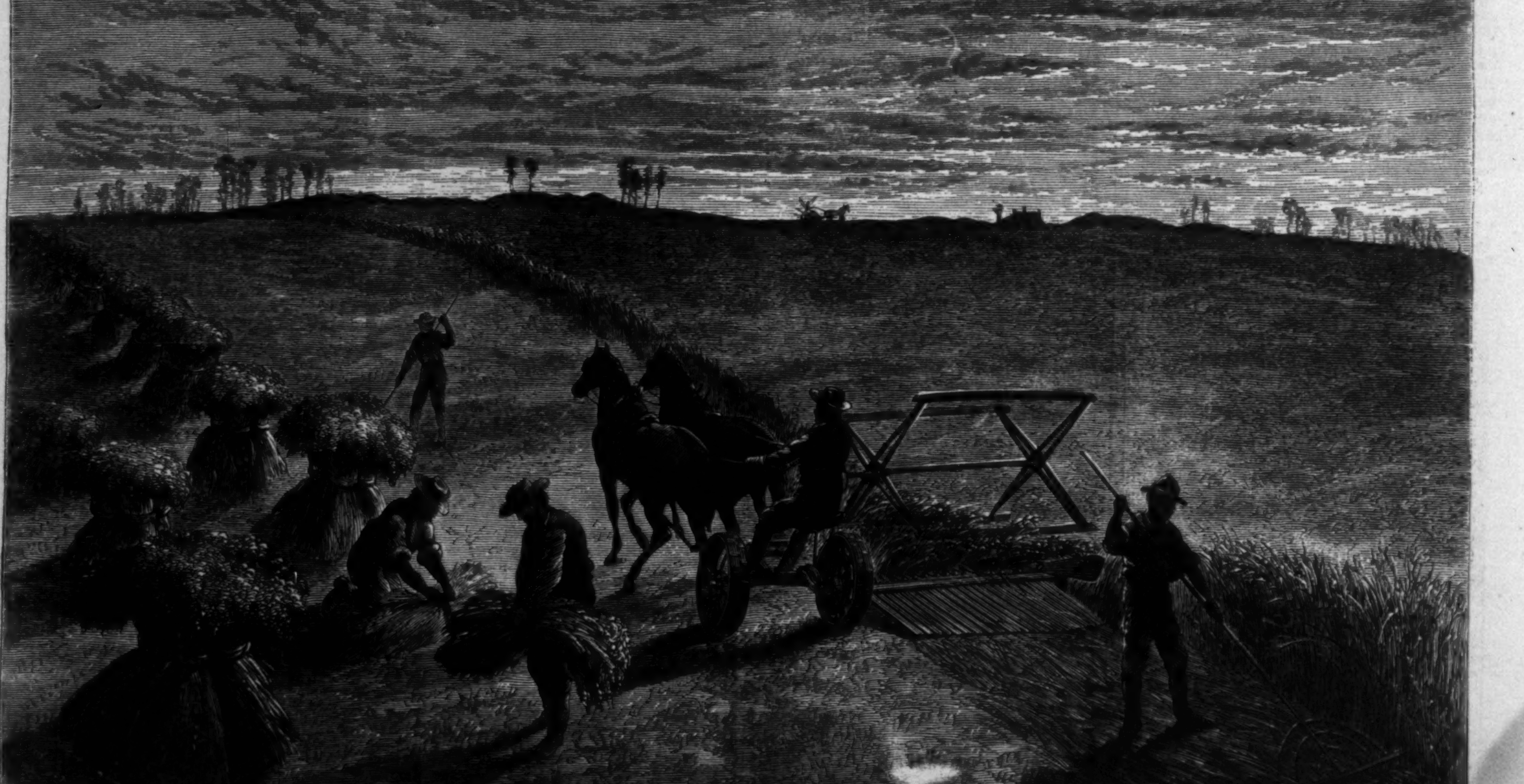


THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS.—[Phot. by Locke and Robbins.]

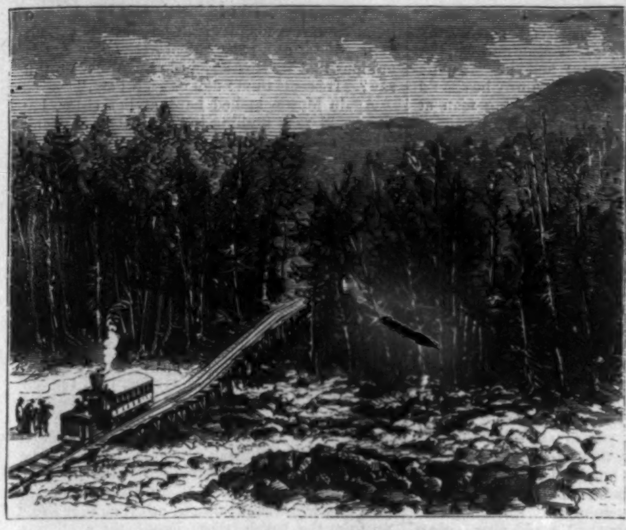
HARVESTING ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF BULL RUN.

How rapidly the wounds of war are healed! Half a million of men are swept from the earth by a civil war; but before a grateful people have done writing their epitaphs their places are more than filled, and the census scarcely notes the increase of mortality on their account.

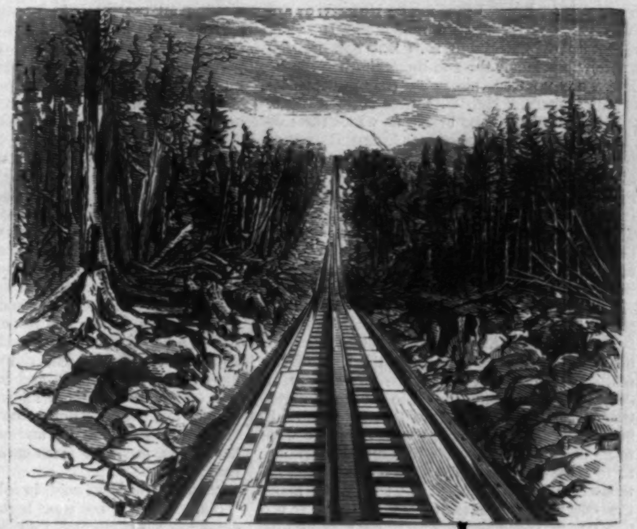
Eight years have passed since the battle of Bull Run, and to-day there is left scarcely a trace of this early conflict of the war. Where the youth of the North and of the South met in array of battle eight years ago, there to-day the farmers are harvesting the cereals of August. The field that was red with blood is yellow with grain. And now the improvements of agriculture are illustrated upon the arena where then a fendal system of labor arrayed its boastful champions.



HARVESTING ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF BULL RUN.



FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN.



MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILROAD.

INTO CLOUDLAND BY CARS.

We started (six of us, including our driver), after an early breakfast at Littleton, hoping to reach the foot of Mount Washington in time for an afternoon train to the summit.

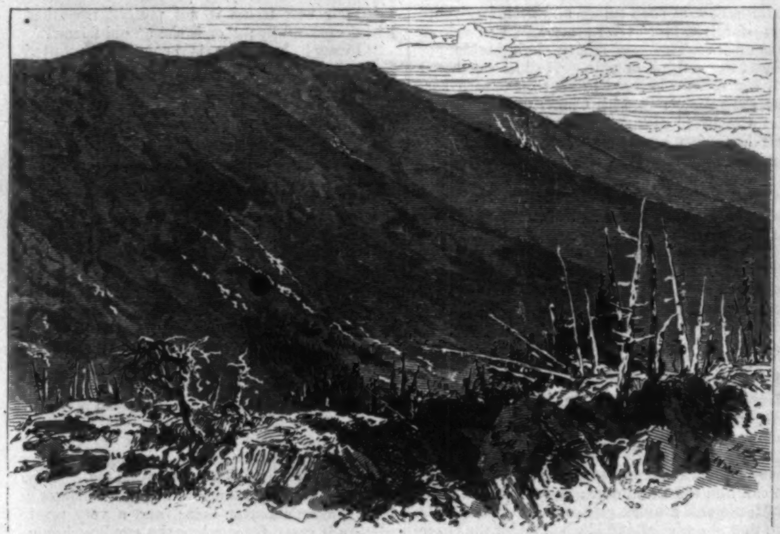
Our twenty-mile ride—with the grand mountains rising before us, changing in form with every turn of the winding road, swelling and subsiding like gigantic sea-waves, as the varying cloud-shadows moved across them—had intensified all our previous desires, and the ladies vowed with great vehemence that to the top they would go, though they should do it upon their hands and knees. And so it seemed they must, for when we reached the toll-gate at the commencement of the turnpike, near the old Fabyan stand, the good-natured gate-keeper, with many sympathizing regrets, said the cars had gone up. A glance at our disappointed faces induced a doubtful "perhaps they *may* go up again this afternoon." This, with a tin cup of delicious mountain strawberries which he had just gathered, gave us some encouragement. On we went by the beautiful Ammonoosuc, calculating our chances, and watching the thread on the mountain, scarcely believing it possible any thing more than Queen Mab's fairy coach could descend upon it, but each moment hoping to see the smoke, which would show us the train was descending, and might therefore be ready to take us up.

Arriving at the dépôt (we speak prophetically) a busy scene met our eyes: piles of lumber, newly-erected sheds, workmen going and coming and plying the hammer and the saw, but, alas! no cars. We went into the log-cabin, where the ladies were amused to find telegraph-office, store-room, parlor, and sleeping-room in a curious state of admixture, where we were informed that the Superintendent of the road, Mr. J. J. Sanborn, would soon be down with the train from the summit. We found here Mr. Marsh, the projector of the road, and from him gained some idea of what an undertaking it had been. When, twelve years ago, he applied for a charter from the New Hampshire Legislature, a worthy member proposed to amend Mr. Marsh's petition by substituting "the moon" for "the top of Mount Washington." Where is that member, and those who laughed with him?

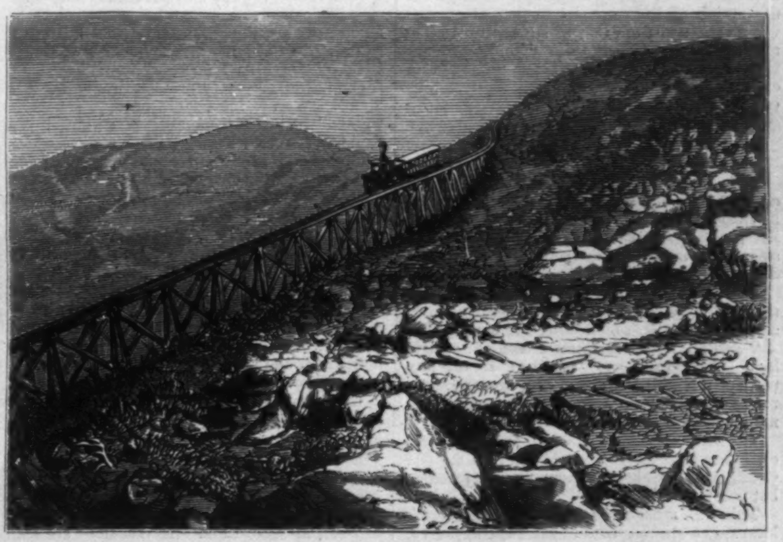
Mr. Marsh obtained his charter, purchased 17,000 acres of land from the base to the summit, broke ground, and built a mile of the road before railroad men could be convinced of its practicability.

Then a company was formed, and under Mr. J. J. Sanborn, the present Superintendent, the work slowly but surely progressed. Driven away from their work early in the fall, and not able to recommence until another summer was almost at hand, there were very few weeks of each year in which any work could be done. Last October the laborers were interrupted by a sudden snow-storm without having time to gather up their tools. Under the snow they laid all winter, and not until June could the men go up to lay the remaining five hundred feet of track. In less than a month it was completed; and by the opening of another season there will be a comfortable dépôt and small hotel at the foot.

We took our lunch, sheltered from the sun, and partially protected from the numerous black flies, in one of the rough buildings put up for the workmen. We availed ourselves of the opportunity to study a little the construction of the cars and track, and carried off some of Kilburn Brothers' admirable stereoscopic pictures, which, transferred by the artist to these pages, give the result of our investigations better than we can do in words. A third track, laid between the other two, is fitted with cogs. A third wheel, both in the engine and the cars, is furnished in like manner. The teeth of the one fitting into those of the other propel both car and engine steadily up the steepest grades. It thus differs from the Mount Holyoke Railway, where a stationary engine pulls you up by a long rope, and from the Mount Cenis Railway, where two little wheels, griping the third rail, propel you by means of friction only. Looking up the track, and realizing that it is really as steep in some places as an ordinary flight of stairs, we almost doubted our courage, and we listened eagerly to Mr. Marsh's kind and detailed explanations of the means which are used to secure the safety of the trains. Morethan once the ladies shook their heads and turned away from the track, made almost dizzy with looking at it from below. Hark! a whistle! We run to see a black dot smoking a very minute cigar. It comes nearer, and, as we see men and women there, we hold our breath, and when they safely reach us, strangers though they are, we feel like congratulating them that they have safely passed through such an awful experience. We are somewhat rebuffed by seeing them step calmly out upon the platform as if from an ordinary carriage. We are not willing to be outdone, so we think of the atmospheric brakes, of the friction-brakes, of the rachet-wheel, and the cogs, and look very brave. Mr. Sanborn, in spite of some difficulties in the way, most kindly made up a special train. The old and smaller engine, and a common platform-car, with a rough tier of seats upon it, were soon ready. The seats were arranged to be level on an ascent of one foot in five, and when the car is on level ground the seats present that angle. While we were arranging ourselves upon them our predecessors on the road stood by giving us the benefit of their recent experience—counseling sundry tyings on of hats, coat-buttonings, and extra wrappings. But the sun is so hot! Never mind; wait and see how long it will be so.



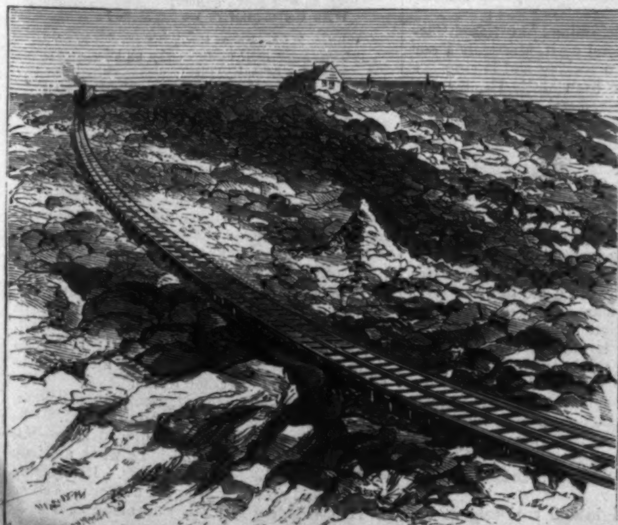
ON THE WAY UP.



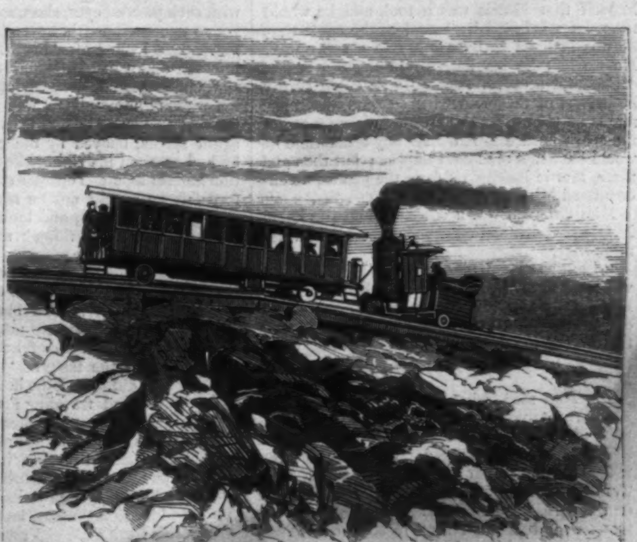
JACOB'S LADDER.

We start. There are no words—only looks, one at another, and underhand graspings of the seat; and up, up we go, as if pushed from the earth into the air. No place to step off upon. On a trestle-work, sometimes more than twenty feet high, we seem entirely severed from the earth. The stoutest of the party looks a little pale; but we feel the firm grip of cog upon cog; we remember that the wheel is so clamped upon the pin-rigged middle rail that neither the engine nor the car can be lifted or thrown off; that the pawl dropped into the rachet-wheel would hold us in the steepest place; that the shutting of a valve in the atmospheric brakes effectually stops the wheels from moving; we look at our Superintendent, who stands composedly watching the engine; his calmness inspires us with courage, and we dare to look off, and then—we forget all fears. We are ascending so precipitately that unless we look directly behind us up the track, we seem to go up from the middle of a great valley. Hills and valleys, streams and lakes and distant villages, spread out before us with a wonder of beauty that beguiles us of all fear.

Suddenly we become conscious that there are no more black flies. The sun seems not quite so hot. Our wrappings are not quite so oppressive. The trees are not so large. We are still creeping up, up. There are no level places. When we stop to water the engine, it is on a steep grade, and we wonder whether we shall not go whizzing down. But no! We start again, and still up we go. The horizon extends. The trees appear smaller. The flowers are such as bloomed with us two months ago. Admiration gives place to awe. There is no room in our hearts for fear. We care not if the wind is chilly—we drink in the wonder. Another stop for water. There is some consultation between Superintendent and workman. Water is short. Why? Frozen up. Frozen up in July? Sure enough soon we come to a laborer with red, cold hands, who reports frozen ground only a foot below the surface. Think of it, you who were sweltering in the city. But look off: Yonder are distant lakes, lifted up by the sunlight. The mountains about us shrink into small hills, and still we are not at the top. It begins to feel damp. We come to a cloud. What is it like?



TIP-TOP HOUSE.



AMONG THE CLOUDS.

Like rain? No. Like fog? No. We are saturated, permeated with moisture. It seems almost to drive through us. But now it lifts, and how gloriously the sun lights up the valleys! There are no trees about us, only dwarfed attempts at trees. Now only moss-covered rocks, now bare rocks. Just beside us winds the carriage-road. Now we pass poor LIZZIE BOURNE's rude but most appropriate monument. Now we are at the top. Cloud-wrapped, we see nothing save the rocks just about us. Stepping off the car we are almost thrown down by the wind. Tightly drawing our wraps about us, shutting the driving water out of our eyes, we scramble to the Tip-Top House, and by the blazing fire we have time to consider what we have done.

In an hour and a half we have climbed by steam a ladder nearly three miles long. We have ascended in that time over 3600 feet. We are more than 6000 feet above the level of the sea. We have passed from the atmosphere of July to that of January. The stunted vegetation just below is not that of New England. It is the vegetation of Labrador. Shall we dare to go down again, to drop, in some long grades, at the rate of one foot in three? The Superintendent tells us that a car set free would make the descent in less than three minutes. We shudder at the bare thought. He tells us that he can load that car with stone, adjust the brakes, and leave it without a man to operate them, and it will make the descent in safety. We are reassured. There are the atmospheric brakes—if one gives way there are three more to hold; there is an ordinary friction brake with which the engineer tells us he can stop the train in four inches; there is the ratchet-wheel that stops it instantly; and there is the steam in the engine, never used in the descent, but always ready as an additional protection; and, finally, the mechanism is so adjusted that it seems as though not even carelessness in the engineer could well be fatal. It is only the novelty of the situation which inspires fear. That novelty is already gone. And after a good breakfast we descend the mountain-side, exchanging the piercing winds and yet more penetrating clouds for sunlight, throwing off our wintry wrappings, coming from the region of barren rocks to that of stunted vegetation, and from that of stunted vegetation to that of noble forest trees, with less tremor than we often have experienced on the top of an old-fashioned stage among the precipitous hills of Maine.

THREE THREADS.

WHAT would he do? Mattie watched him in a secret tremble. Of what was he thinking as he swung in the hammock? She had taken up her position, and she would stand by it. But supposing he should do something final and desperate?

What was it all about? Nothing! a trifle in the beginning. Mattie was sometimes unreasonable, and had taken upon herself to be jealous.

"You are your own master," she had said to him. "You can do as you like. If you actually prefer Miss Grierson I have nothing more to say—only, you can not wear her colors and mine, you know!"

"Wear her colors!" repeated Tom. "I was civil to the girl. What would you have me do? Conduct myself like a Hottentot to every woman but you."

This was precisely, I am afraid, what *would* have suited Mattie; but of course she answered, briskly,

"Conduct yourself as you choose! I am not dictating to you. I only propose to regulate my behavior by yours."

"I think you are trying to make me angry."

"Not at all."

"But what have I done? Is it because I played a game of croquet with her when she asked me?"

"She asked you! But I dare say; she is bold enough."

"She is a very nice girl;" and Tom's eyes began to sparkle.

"She has fine taste. She admires you."

"As I do her."

"Oh, very well! I have no wish to interfere," retorted Mattie, bravely forcing back a tear or two; and just at this most unsatisfactory stage somebody interrupted them, and Tom walked away not a little angry. He vowed to himself that Mattie was a fool, and he would never have believed it of her! at the same time he was inclined to humor her in a sulky way. He would take his horses and drive over the country for a day or two. Mattie could hardly be jealous of that, and when he came back she might be civil. But where there is gunpowder the spark is sure to fall. At any other time he would have met old Mrs. Simpson; but then and there, Mattie looking on from the piazza, he encountered Miss Grierson going to croquet.

Miss Grierson was a coquette, and she hated Mattie. Quick as thought she handed him her mallet.

"I am so glad I met you, Mr. Musgrove. I was looking for a champion to fight my battles. Edna and Major Willis have challenged me, and declare they will beat me and any partner I may find out of the field. You will help me, won't you? I have wagered Edna a box of gloves on it."

As Tom said, what could a man do? He would rather not have gone with her under Mattie's very eyes, and he did determine to treat her with polite indifference. But Miss Grierson made the most of her opportunities, and after all Tom was not the man to bear too heavy a hand on the curb. When she poised her little arched foot on the ball was he not to admire? When she laughed at him with merry malice, and followed him about the field with playful taunts, and teased and badgered him at every stroke, making all the time the prettiest little picture herself, his grim look softened in spite of himself; and how could he help it? Where one pretty girl frowns the next who smiles looks so much the sweeter, you know.

Or, at least, Tom thought so. These are the arguments from his side of the question, you understand. Mattie's view was different. When he shouldered Miss Grierson's mallet she took it as a defiance, and was strongly tempted to go away and cry; but pride told her to stay and look on, and pride proved an unwise counselor. Every pretty art in the Grierson was a fresh stab. Every gesture of Tom's a fresh proclamation that he cared nothing about her. He had never looked better in Mattie's eyes, but she told herself that "this was the end." She did not really believe that it was the end. Somewhere lurked a belief that Tom would humble himself and make his peace. But she was careful not to put this belief in words, and only to say to herself over and over that all was done between them; and when Tom came in, very nearly restored to good-humor, and began to pull over her spools, she took them away from him and rose at once.

"I told you," she said, in a low, steady voice, "that you could not wear both colors, but must choose. I understand that you have chosen, and I withdraw my claims." And with that she slipped a certain ring from her finger and dropped it into his hand.

For a moment Tom sat looking from the ring to her, in a sort of stupid surprise, and Mattie's heart beat high. Now would be seen how much he loved her; and I suspect that something like triumph showed, after all, in her face, pale and quivering as it was, for his smouldering wrath suddenly blazed. He rose also, and with a look in his eyes that she had never seen before.

"It shall be exactly as you please," he said. "I disdain to justify myself. But if, at any time, you should repent of your present injustice, you will find me, as you have always done, at your command."

Then he made her a low bow and walked away, leaving her very much as if the earth had suddenly swallowed every one who belonged to her. Miss Grierson called to him, but he passed her without answer, and flung himself into the hammock swinging between the two maples; and Mattie stood looking after him, as we found her at the beginning of our story. What would he do? Should she go to him? No, never! It was he who had offered the offense. Meantime, if she could but have known it, these were precious moments, for as Tom lay sulkily swinging to and fro a cheery voice hailed him.

"Good-by, Tom; I'm off in an hour."

"Off!" echoed Tom; and then, struck by a sudden thought, "How will you get off?"

"Why, in the stage, to be sure. You must be dreaming to ask that question."

"An hour, you say?" and Tom came out, on his feet. "I will go with you."

Woodford's jolly face put on a look of intense surprise.

"Are you sure you are serious? How about Miss—"

"Never mind that," cut in Tom, sharply. "They are all alike. Give me a horse and a boat, and the girls may take care of themselves. I have had enough of them."

And with that he marched off to pack his trunk. When Mattie came down to dinner she found an empty chair beside her.

"Mr. Musgrove and Mr. Woodford are both gone, dear," said Miss Grierson. "They left regards for you." And the spiteful little coquette was half consoled for the loss of their two best men by Mattie's look of blank dismay. Poor Mattie! the blue in her sky had turned gray indeed.

Now, one would hardly have supposed that these threads, snapped short at Shorespoint, could have altered in any way the pattern of Kate Blodgett's life at Fern Cliffe. It was Kitty's first season. The world was all before her, to be tried: a world in which, as she knew by dint of much reading, were numberless good-looking young men, ready to fall in love, and to pursue, through no matter what difficulties, damsels like—well—say Kitty Blodgett. Happy Kitty! only seventeen, her trunks full of fresh toilets, and no doubts or fears assailing her. She came so airily through the halls, she was so fresh and sparkling, she looked at every thing with such pleased eyes, she was so self-conscious, yet so unconscious, that even Tom, lounging on the piazza, looked after her with something like interest, and asked Woodford to introduce him.

Woodford caught eagerly at the request. In his present humor Tom was a nuisance. For the first day or so he had been in rather extravagant spirits, buoyed by the consciousness that he had asserted his rights like a man; but reaction had set in, and Tom was so surly that Woodford felt he should not be sorry to make Miss Blodgett bear-leader, and took Tom up at once.

Kitty, dear little thing! saw them coming, and knew they were coming to her. She did her best to look unconscious, like the other girls; but that requires practice to be well done, and Kitty failed utterly. She blushed before they reached her, and was very nervous on being introduced; and because of her nervousness her tongue ran all the faster. "Did he like Fern Cliffe? She did. And the hotel? It was *splendid!* She liked traveling; that is, she liked traveling *now*. Last summer she traveled with her governess; and Miss Frowse was always saying, 'You must not do this, it is not *proper!*'"

Kitty pursed up her mouth at the "proper," and gave herself a little jerk, à la Frowse, and Tom, to his astonishment, found himself laughing. This fresh little girl amused him. Every thing else had fretted him. The next morning found him waiting to take her in to breakfast, and she allowed him to see that she had expected him. He monopolized her on the same principle that he would have tried for the monopoly of any thing else that pleased him, and without thinking very much about it; and she was quite satisfied. There was every reason why he should please her. He was the best-looking man at Fern Cliffe. His natural easy composure, weighted by his constant regret, became an indifference that excited her respect. She thought he was superior to herself, because he only smiled at what stirred her. Above all, the dear little soul had discovered that Tom had his religious doubts. Need I say more? Is it not already known the ardor with which young ladies take up missionary work when the convert to be made is a good-looking young man? When she first touched on this subject Tom was inclined to be bored and irreverent.

"To tell the truth," he said, carelessly, "I doubt if I know very much about such things. Why should I?"

"Why! oh!" Words failed the little preacher before such enormous confessions. "Why, because it is wicked, you know, not to care;" and catching just then the shadow of a smile on Tom's face as he lay on the ground looking up at her, her brown eyes brimmed with tears.

"I don't know how to argue," she said, simply, "but I am so sorry. I would give a great deal to make you good;" and here the little mouth began to quiver in sympathy with the eyes, making Tom vow, in secret, that he was a brute. And if this pretty, innocent little creature chose to interest herself in him—well, why not? Was there any thing better for him now?

"And— If I were always near you," he said, softly, "I might be a better man."

And then the foolish little heart thrilled with a sudden hope. What if she could convert him? And the two were at once on a more familiar and friendly footing than they could have reached in a month of flirtation.

So the days slipped into weeks, the weeks into a month. A year was rolled up in that month for Mattie. Now that she had lost him she found how much Tom had to do with her life. Under this tree they had quarreled. Near those rocks he had told her "that no other woman could have said such things and been forgiven," and—forgiven her. Over every walk was written remember! The very empty chair beside her caused her a throb of pain. He had sat there! All her songs—he used to sing them with her. She sang them now with Charlie Grierson. In fact, she flirted with that misguided young man, and then, when he presumed, sent him over without remorse. She was quite determined to make no sign; but all the time she failed in health and looks, and when her elder sister, Mrs. Hesperia, came down she found Mattie in rather a pitiable case.

Mrs. Hesperia was emphatically a woman of tact. Finding something wrong with her favorite sister she asked no questions, but used her eyes and ears. Of course it did not need quite half a day to discover that Miss Grierson hated Mattie. She could never leave her alone.

"You could hardly believe, Mrs. Peri, how Mattie has flirted," said Miss Grierson, on the piazza. "Now you need not look at me, dear. You know you did, though I admit you have behaved much better lately. Indeed, we have all been dull enough since Mr. Musgrove went away. He was our nicest young man. We used to call him the Inimitable; slyly, you know."

Mattie cast a quick glance at her sister. She felt that she winced and blushed under the Grierson's stab; but Hesperia, wisest of women, understood nothing. None so blind as those who will not see. She remembered that Mr. Musgrove had been Nellie's pet partner last winter. The hotel books told her when he had gone away, and while she was waiting for further revelations somebody wrote her a letter from Fern Cliffe, and that Tom Musgrove was stopping at Fern Cliffe. "He is at *aux petits soins* with a pretty little Miss Blodgett," wrote the fair gossip, "but in a melancholy way. It is the common belief here that your sister Mattie threw him over. If she did I wonder at her. He is the best young man I have seen this season."

And now Mrs. Hesperia had the whole story.

That was a cool season; and in August they had fires at Shorespoint. So one evening found the two sisters sitting in the twilight before a flicker of flame on the hearth while the rain beat outside.

"What a weary world!" murmured Mattie, dolefully, wondering where Tom was now.

"What weary people, rather!" answered Hesperia, lightly. "Depend on it, Mattie, half our weariness is of our own seeking and buying. I have just had a letter from Maria Hunter, bewailing herself. You remember she quarreled with her fiancé, Arthur Slade; and now they are both miserable, because both are too proud to make advances."

"And quite right!" cut in Mattie. "I mean she is right. It is the man's place to make them."

"Are you sure of that?" returned Hesperia, quietly. "Suppose it is the woman who is in the wrong? But granting it, for the sake of argument, do you really think it worth while to pay over the whole happiness of a life to make good some theory about a man and woman's place? Maria knows that Arthur loves her. One word from her would end it all. If she refuses to speak that word, is it not because she loves her pride better than her love? If so, let her go. There will be no heart-break in the case. But if it were my case, if I thought a man worth loving, and believed that he loved me, I should not be turned out of Paradise so easily. Nothing should stand between us—not even my own self-love."

Mattie started, and looked curiously at her sister, for Hesperia had spoken with rather remarkable energy. But Hesperia went on in her ordinary manner:

"I was reminded of Maria's case by getting a letter from her, about which I wished to consult you. She is at a place called Fern Cliffe, and is anxious that we should join her. What do you say? It seems to me dull enough here."

Again Mattie looked hard at her sister, but she could read nothing in that artless woman's face. Three days later they were at Fern Cliffe. Mattie's pride rebelled sorely. The move looked so much like following Tom. But Hesperia's words rang in her ears: "Nothing should stand between us—not even my own self-love."

Are there brain telegraphs, more subtle than those worked by electricity? All that day Tom's thoughts had been busy with Mattie. Kitty was pretty and fresh, but he was a little tired of being listened to and admired. Mattie kept him on his mettle. With her he must prove himself what she wished him to be. Kitty and he were not betrothed, spite of the gossips of Fern Cliffe, but they were close on it. He knew all the few possibilities of her child's nature, and what answer she would give if he should ask her; but how could he ask her, when it made him catch his breath only to think of the romance that he and Mattie had lived together? Something of this sort he was thinking, Kitty on one arm, her pink and white shawl on the other, as they came up from the beach, when he caught a glimpse from the piazza that made him start. A dainty little figure, marked by a certain saucy self-assertion in every gesture; a mass of blonde hair, a brilliant face, not altogether regular in feature, nor with set color, but a face that bloomed like a pink-tinged leaf; and a peculiar, distinct, deliberate intonation—a little dash of affectation about it (but such a pretty affectation!), as she stood talking with a very handsome woman, also a stranger; in brief, Mattie and Mrs. Hesperia.

There was just one course for Tom. He seated Kitty, went up to the two ladies, and took off his hat. The muscles about his mouth did quiver a little, and Mattie did turn pale, but both acquitted themselves very well. You could hardly have said that they were pledged to each other, much less that each was on the rack. Tom was introduced to Mrs. Hesperia, and then he went back to Kitty.

"Your new friend is not pretty," remarked Kitty, unskillfully; "or is she an old friend?"

"Pretty! No! She is beautiful," retorted Tom, dryly; and then Kitty felt that she hated the new-comers, and she went past them with rather a showy unconsciousness, and with an air of having absolute possession of Tom.

"What an underbred person!" said Mattie, looking after the little figure, and as if in echo of her thoughts.

"That will be a match," said Maria Hunter's voice close in her ear. "I never saw such a flirtation. They are hardly a moment apart."

"And I came to Fern Cliffe!" thought Mattie, bitterly, darting in spite of herself a look full of reproach at Hesperia, who, on her side, if it had been lady-like, would have been pleased to box the unconscious mischief-maker's ears. The quiver in Tom's face had told her a most convincing story, but it would be useless to repeat it. Mattie now had the bit between her teeth, and her only endeavor, as Hesperia foresaw, was to prove herself indifferent. She could not even be persuaded to treat Tom civilly. He asked her to drive. She was engaged. "Tomorrow, then." "That is promised too." Then she turned her back on him to pin a bouquet in Mr. Duncan's button-hole; and a very pretty picture it was; for she had the smallest hands, and could make the most bewitching face, of any girl in Fern Cliffe; but Tom was turning away, with something like an oath, when he met Hesperia's friendly eyes, and some irresistible impulse made him go up to her with,

"I beg your pardon, but did Mattie—I mean did Miss Mattie receive a letter from me just before you came to Fern Cliffe?"

Then Mrs. Hesperia was triumphant. That night's mail took out a letter to the postmaster at Shorespoint, and a day or two after Mattie found a note on her table, bearing a double postmark, and indorsed as "forwarded from Shorespoint." Something in the handwriting made Mattie start and change color. It was only a copy of some verses from the "Lovers' Quarrel:"

"Woman, and will you cast,
For a word, quite off at last
Me, your own, your you—
Since, as Truth is true,
I was you, all the happy past—
Me do you leave aghast,
With the memories we amassed?

"Love, if you knew the light
That your soul casts in my sight—
How I look to you
For the pure and true,
And the beauteous and the right—
Bear with a moment's spite,
When a mere mote threatens the white."

And at the foot of the page, "Remember your promise."

But then, months before, Tom and Mattie had read those lines together, and been forced by them into a sudden seriousness.

"What if *we* should quarrel?" he asked.

"But we can not," she answered, lightly.

"But we may," he persisted. "You are teasing and capricious. We are both obstinate. Let us make a compact. If such a time should come I will send you these verses. If I send them, promise you will come to me. Not to forgive me—only to come to me."

And Mattie had promised, premising, of course, that it was absurd; but she had promised. She would never have made the first advance—but her promise. It is astonishing what an iron shackle a promise is in some cases. Really, you see, she had no free-will in the matter. And so—Tom, standing gloomily and alone at a little window, felt a hand on his arm, and turning quickly, saw Mattie holding out a letter, half shy, half haughty.

"It only came to-night," she said; "and—you see I keep my promise."

Tom's arms were around her in a moment.

"Thank God!" he said, huskily. "I was going away to-morrow. Your indifference drove me mad, my darling."

"But I was not indifferent," whispered Mattie; "and I am very sorry, Tom. I believe I was quite wrong, after all."

The two were more in love and happier than ever. Nothing is quite so sweet as love's young dream, except perhaps love's young quarrel. It was not to be marred even by Miss Grierson's charitable comment, that "It would be strange if Mattie had not caught Mr. Musgrove, when she went after him, with her sister to help her."

And Kitty—Kitty was hard hit, no doubt; but in the merciful ordering of events she had been endowed with an excellent appetite and a perfect digestion, and nobody can actually pine on a series of good dinners. Nobody without a reliable dyspepsia is capable of a three-volume romance. And, after all, these little affairs are to a belle what measles and hooping-cough are to one's childhood. So, by degrees, Kitty rallied, and is, I hear, the reigning belle at the Seashore House this summer.

THE MONEY-DIGGERS.

The moon just emerged from behind a cloud, and the shadow of the blasted tree stood boldly right across the stone.

"Time!" cried the leader.

The three men stooped down and picked up their pickaxes.

They stood on the edge of a deep hole—so deep that three men must have spent many days in working at it. A ladder projected above it. Trees grew around. It was the hush of midnight. It was a lonely cliff projecting far into the sea, whose waters washed it, and now, in dashing against it, made the only audible sound. Over their heads was the blasted trunk of a venerable tree, with one blackened branch projecting outward.

These three men stood in the moonlight and prepared to descend. They were about as ugly a collection of human beings as it was possible to find.

"We ought to reach it to-night," said one, as he began to descend.

"Well, Dick," said the last one, "when we get it we won't think of our labor."

"Out of the way, Bill," cried the third. "There's no time to lose. Let me down."

"Are you coming, Sam?" cried the first man, his voice sounding deep down in the pit.

"All right!" cried Sam; and in a few minutes the two men were at the bottom.

The third man, called Bill, stood at the top. He was watchman for the night. He lighted his pipe and walked about, looking around in every direction. It was a glorious night. His eye wandered every where. All around him, except on one side, spread the ocean, calm and still, sleeping in the moonlight. From the pit below the incessant noise of the falling pickaxes came up, and the scraping of shovels. The men were working busily. Tired of walking about, the watcher sat on the edge of the hole and looked down. It was wide and deep. At the bottom the men were digging by the light of a lantern. They were making a narrower excavation, and throwing the earth out into the wide floor of the pit.

"Any signs yet?" cried Bill.

"Not a sign."

Silence followed, and the men continued to dig; again the dull sound of the pickaxes alone broke the silence.

"Dull work this," at length exclaimed one of the men, resting on his spade.

Suddenly the other uttered a wild cry, and instantly checked himself.

"What?" cried both the others.

"Look!" cried the first.

He pointed to a brass rod projecting from the side of the pit.

"It's the brazen rod, by all the saints! Dig! dig! dig!"

The two men turned from the hole, and tore away with their picks into the side where the rod projected. In their anxious labor not a word escaped them. The watcher above clung to the edge of the pit and looked down. His heart beat fast. Strange thoughts rushed tumultuously through his mind.

The men's axes flew like light. The earth was torn out in huge masses. The brazen rod was uncovered more and more.

At last the pick of Sam struck something, which gave forth a metallic sound.

The two men trembled. They dropped their axes and looked at one another.

"Go on! go on!" roared Bill from the top of the pit.

The men sprang to work. The earth was thrown out in great masses. Soon an iron plate appeared. Beyond a doubt it was the side of an iron chest.

"Go on! go on!" cried the watcher above them, impatiently.

A few minutes more and the iron chest sank down, and seizing it with a violent jerk the two men drew it out into the large floor of the pit.

"There's treasure there, any how!" cried Dick, sinking down upon the ground. The two men, overcome with fatigue, lay on the earth for many minutes, panting.

"Come—there's no time to lose!" cried the watcher. "Hurry up—hurry up!"

The two men jumped up.

"How are we to get it up?" cried they.

"The tree!" cried Sam.

"The tree can scarcely bear its own weight," said Bill.

"What shall we do, then?"

"Why, I suppose we'll have to dig a sluice and pull the box up."

"Nonsense!" cried Bill. "That will take us forever. This is the way;" and, seizing the ladder, he pulled it up by a sudden exertion of Herculean strength. While the others looked on silently he slid the ladder over the top of the pit so that it came out altogether. Then raising it up he placed it across the pit against the trunk of the tree.

"There, boys!" he cried; "I'll fix the tackle-block now, and we'll pull it up."

He ran up the ladder, tied a block firmly to it, through which he passed a rope, and let it fall down into the pit.

"Have you got the rope?"

"Yes—all right!"

"Then fasten it to the box and pull it up."

The men did as they were bid. Soon the ponderous chest began to ascend. In a few minutes it hung in the air at the top of the pit. Bill reached forward and caught it.

"Lower!" he shouted.

The men let go.

In a moment the heavy mass descended on the ground, and as it fell the rope was jerked up out of the pit and pulled upon the ground.

The two men below looked at one another.

Some time elapsed. They heard a noise above as Bill panted and tugged at the chest.

"Make haste there!" cried Sam at last.

There was no answer.

The hearts of these two men throbbed violently; a terrible suspicion darted through their minds. They were not long in suspense.

Suddenly an enormous granite rock fell over the edge of the pit. Had not Sam violently pulled Dick aside he would have been killed. As it was, his elbow and foot were fearfully injured.

"In there, for your life!" cried Sam, as he pushed his groaning companion into the side excavation where the box had been.

The two men crawled in, and barely in time. Behind them came the rush of falling rocks and beams. A moment later, and they would have been buried alive.

Buried alive—but what else were they? Down into the pit fell immense quantities of earth, closing them in forever.

The lantern was not yet extinguished. By its light the men looked at one another with pallid faces and staring eyes.

"He's played us foul. He is going to bury us alive!" cried Dick, with a groan.

Sam was silent.

"Good Heavens! what a just punishment!" cried Dick again.

"Yes," growled Sam; "we drowned young Cooledge, and now we're catching it in turn."

"Better to have let young Cooledge come and taken all he wanted than this."

The voices of the men ceased. Both were lost in gloomy reflections. Still the stones fell. But after about an hour there was silence.

By the flickering light of their lantern they could see that the mouth of the place where they sat was nearly filled up. They could breathe, however, even though they could not escape. In the deep silence of the night they could hear the noise made by Bill above them as he tugged at the iron chest.

"He's getting the box down to the boat," said Sam.

"Yes," groaned the other.

The sounds grew fainter and fainter. The long weary hours of the night rolled slowly along. The men sat as though paralyzed. Sam still held his pick in his hand, having picked it up preparatory to his expected ascent.

At last the sounds, to which they had listened like men in a dream, ceased utterly.

"Come!" at length cried Sam; "what shall we do? I'm not going to sit here and starve, or die."

"It's morning. Look!" cried Dick.

Sure enough, looking through the small opening still left, they could see faint daylight in the pit.

"Hush!" exclaimed Sam, clutching Dick's arm and listening.

To their strained ears a low moaning sound was plainly audible.

"What's that?" cried Dick.

Sam clasped his hands and looked up.

"It's the surf!" he cried.

Seizing his pick in both hands he struck at the end of the passage. For half an hour he dug vigorously. At last, with a tremendous blow, he struck his pick against the passage. The earth yielded, it loosened, and with a mighty fall caved in. In a huge mass it all fell down before them, and there appeared the glorious light of day, the blue vault of heaven, and the mirror-like sea.

"Now for vengeance!" cried Sam.

Slowly and stealthily the men crept out. The pit had been dug in the middle of a lofty tongue of land. They had dug down for sixty feet, and then on one side altogether for as much as thirty feet. This had brought them out on the steep side of the cliff. The shore lay at their feet. A little distance upward they saw the boat. Bill was in it. He had just put the iron chest on board, and now, panting from the tremendous exertion, he sat on the bottom of the boat.

Holding his pick in his hand, Sam came on, followed by Dick. Bill did not perceive them. They came nearer. They were close to him. A splash which they made on the water aroused him. Suddenly turning he saw the huge form of Sam standing erect before him with the pick upraised.

With a loud scream of terror Bill seized a brace of pistols, one in each hand, and fired. At the same moment Sam's arm descended. The pick fell and pierced Bill's shoulder. He tumbled out of the boat on the beach, and lay writhing in agony. Sam, too, fell at the same moment mortally wounded. Dick was struck by the second bullet in the arm. Faint from the loss of blood, he too sank down.

There were the three men, each wounded in a different degree, writhing in pain, from which two at least would never recover.

A loud cry from behind them made them all start. A young man came leaping down the steep cliff and rushing toward them. The sight arrested Sam's dying gaze, made Bill utter a cry, and Dick rise to his feet in terror.

"Young Cooledge!" cried Dick.

"Wretched men!" cried the youth, coming up; "what have you done?"

"Are you from the grave?" gasped Dick.

"No. Heaven delivered me. I floated on a board to this island. Here I have been witness of your atrocities. You have all met a just retribution."

He moved to the boat.

"Save me! Oh, save me!" cried Dick. The others had sunk down with a groan. "No," said the youth. "It was I who told you of this treasure. Wishing to have it all for yourselves, you tried to murder me. Heaven has put it in my way, and I will take it. As for you, wretch that you are, hope for no mercy from me, but be thankful that you are not as these lying dead at your feet."

And the boat sailed away, leaving the wounded man alone with the dead.

PREPARATION OF PRECIOUS STONES.

All the black and white onyxes of the shops are colored artificially by being boiled with sugar or oil, and then with sulphuric acid; orange topazes are "pinked" by heating them red-hot; bad turquoises are improved by a solution of copper; chrysoprases are boiled in sulphate of nickel; and blemished diamonds even may be sometimes improved by treatment with chlorine; opals, too, may be warmed before being shown, by which means their fire is often notably increased; and poor stones may be backed with paint, or foil, or colored glass. But there is another trick, which, though rarely practiced, is very ingenious. A murky greenish gem from India and Ceylon, called the zircon, or jargoon, is the subject of the experiment. These stones are occasionally found capable of being decolorized by heat. A suitable cut specimen is selected and placed in a crucible full of sand; then it is heated to full redness for some time. The stone when cold is found to have lost its color and its cloudiness, and then approaches in lustre, hardness, and play of colors, or "fire," to the diamond itself. It is set in a massive ring of good gold and pawned for several times the value of the metal. The ignorant pawnbroker has mistaken the stone for an inferior but large diamond. Of course, as the jargoon has little commercial value, though of high scientific interest, the ring is never redeemed.

THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN.

During the debates on the Constitution in the Spanish Cortes an event occurred which stirred deeply the national feeling. When leveling the ground for the large new square of the Dos de Mayo the workmen came upon the old Quemadero de la Cruz, the "Smithfield" of Madrid, where the bodies of heretics used to be burned, the victims of the Inquisition. Layers of black dust, with remnants of bones and other relics, turned up at every stroke of the spade. People crowded to the spot, and the grim Quemadero, with its ghastly diggings, became the wonder and talk of the capital. A speaker in the Cortes took up the theme, and dwelt upon it with a vivid power and painful minuteness galling to the Ecclesiastical party, but cheered to the echo by the Liberals. As the assassination of the Prefect in the Cathedral of Burgos helped to rouse popular feeling at the beginning of the debates, so this lucky, or let us call it providential, discovery gave new force to the enemies of despotism and intolerance. All Spaniards who can read know that multitudes perished by fire in the *autos da fé* at Madrid, Seville, Valladolid, and elsewhere; but now there was visible evidence of the fact. Besides, many Spaniards can not read, and the traditions of the old cruelties of Rome had grown faint. The history of the past will now help the progress of the future.

The Inquisition was first founded by a Spaniard, Dominic, of Castile, for the suppression of the Albigensian heresy. The poor Albigenses were persecuted every where by the Dominicans, like sheep by wolves. The formal establishment of the secret tribunal took place after Dominic's death, in 1229, at the Council of Toulouse. It took root as a permanent institution in Spain and Italy more than in France. Its second founders were Spaniards, Torquemada and Ximenes, the former being the first Grand Inquisitor. He had earnestly labored, in Isabella's early days, to infuse into her mind the same spirit of religious intolerance which possessed his own. He strove to obtain from her, while yet a girl, a pledge that, "should she ever come to the throne, she would devote herself to the extirpation of heresy, for the glory of God, and the exaltation of the Catholic faith." When Isabella ascended the throne of Castile, Torquemada urged her to fulfill this promise, and was seconded by Ferdinand. Long did Isabella's womanly heart resist the fiendish instigation of Torquemada; but at length she was passive in his hand. A bull of Pope Sextus VI. authorized Ferdinand and Isabella to appoint "inquisitors for the detection and suppression of heresy in their dominions." In 1480 two Dominicans were appointed, with vast and irresponsible powers.

The story of the Inquisition in Spain is too well known to need to be repeated here. In Protestant countries more is known than in Spain itself. But there will be publicity enough now, and it will be well to recall the dark records of Rome's cruelty.

Llorente, who himself had been secretary to the Inquisition in Spain, and who, in that capacity, had enjoyed access to its records, gives, in his history, a statement of the number of the victims whose punishments are therein registered. The details are too large to be inserted here, but the general results are as follows:

Number of persons condemned, and who perished in the flames.......	31,912
Burnt in effigy, having died in prison, or escaped..........................	17,659
Sentenced to the galleys, or to imprisonment..............................	291,450
	341,021

"The Inquisition," continues Llorente, "ruined and branded with infamy more than three hundred and forty thousand persons, whose disgrace was reflected on their families, and who bequeathed only opprobrium and misery to their children. Add to these more than one hundred thousand families who emigrated in order to escape from this blood-thirsty tribunal, and it will be seen that the Inquisition has been the most active instrument of the ruin of Spain. But the most disastrous of all the acts which it occasioned was the expulsion of the Moors. If we add to those who were banished from Spain the countless numbers who perished in the insurrections of the sixteenth century, and the eight hundred thousand Jews who left the kingdom, it will be seen that the country lost, in the course of a hundred and twenty years, about three millions of its most industrious inhabitants."

It is well, therefore, to revive in Spain this history of the past, so that the ashes of the martyrs may, as it were, be "sown o'er all the fields where still doth sway the triple tyrant." Let the young especially be taught the story of the martyrs, that they, having learned the way of truth,

"Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Book all Title Pages—The Peerage.

Motto for a Hair-dresser—"*Parting* is such sweet sorrow.

Excursionist (*from Salt Lake*). "Give me through tickets for fifteen grown persons and thirty-nine children."

New Ticket Clerk (*from Massachusetts*). "If it's a school or an asylum we can make them cheaper to you."

Excursionist (*indignantly*). "Sir! It's my own private family, Sir!"

LONG BRANCH.

Long Branch has the misfortune to be in New Jersey.

Otherwise there's nothing to be said against it.

Any body can go to Long Branch who has a mind to.

And has got plenty of money.

Before starting it is advisable to draw all your capital out of the bank.

Raise all you can on mortgage on your property.

Collect all the money that is owing to you.

Borrow all you can of your friends.

You will find no difficulty in spending it all at Long Branch.

Long Branch consists of beach and hotels.

The hotels run along the beach, and the beach runs in front of the hotels.

If you want a map of Long Branch, just draw a chalk line as long as you like, and suppose the hotels are on one side, the beach on the other.

The broad Atlantic rolls along the beach, and makes rollers into which the festive bathers plunge.

The beach at Long Branch is quite a philosophic study at bathing-time.

You see wonderful sights.

The gorgeous butterflies have changed into shabby-looking grubs.

And where, oh where, have those lovely figures gone?

There is no delusion about the hotels.

They take you in, in the most hospitable manner.

They are wonderful hotels, some of them.

There seems to be no end to them.

The length of the buildings is to be compared to nothing, unless it be the length of their bills.

THE GIRL FOR ME.

Just fair enough to be pretty,
  Just gentle enough to be sweet,
Just saucy enough to be witty,
  Just dainty enough to be neat.

Just tall enough to be graceful,
  Just slight enough for a fay,
Just dressy enough to be tasteful,
  Just merry enough to be gay.

Just tears enough to be tender,
  Just sighs enough to be sad,
Tones soft enough to remember
  Your heart through their cadence made glad.

Just meek enough for submission,
  Just bold enough to be brave,
Just pride enough for ambition,
  Just thoughtful enough to be grave.

A tongue that can talk without harming,
  Just mischief enough to tease,
Manners pleasant enough to be charming,
  That put you at once at your ease.

Disdain to put down presumption,
  Sarcasm to answer a fool,
Contempt enough shown to assumption,
  Proper dignity always the rule.

Flights of fair fancy ethereal,
  Devotion to science full paid,
Stuff or the sort of material
  That really good housewives are made.

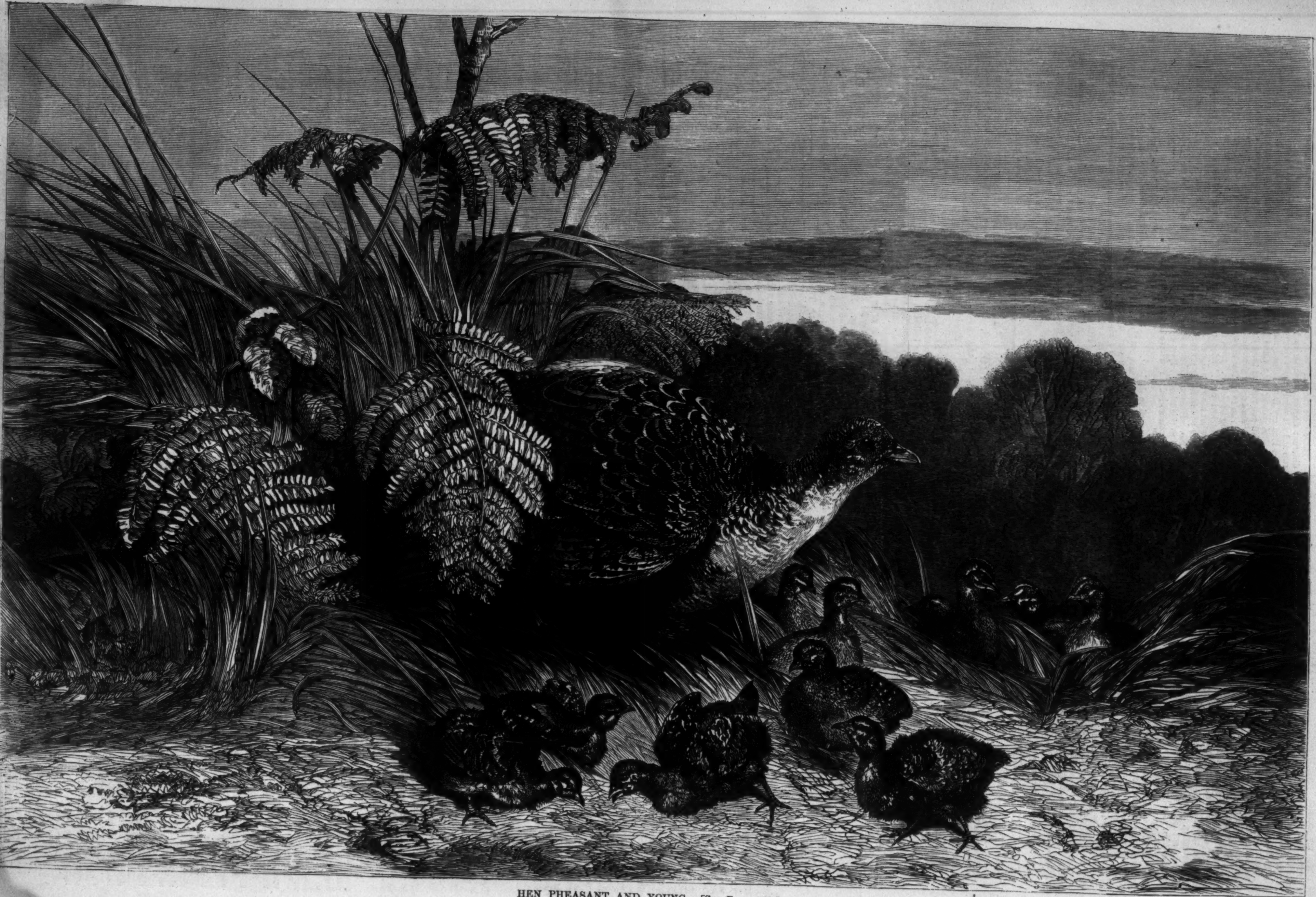
Generous enough to be kind-hearted,
  Pure as the angels above—
Oh! from her may I never be parted,
  For such is the maiden I love.

A writer asks, through the Farmer's Department of a contemporary, if any one can inform a poor man the best way to start a little nursery. *Get married!*

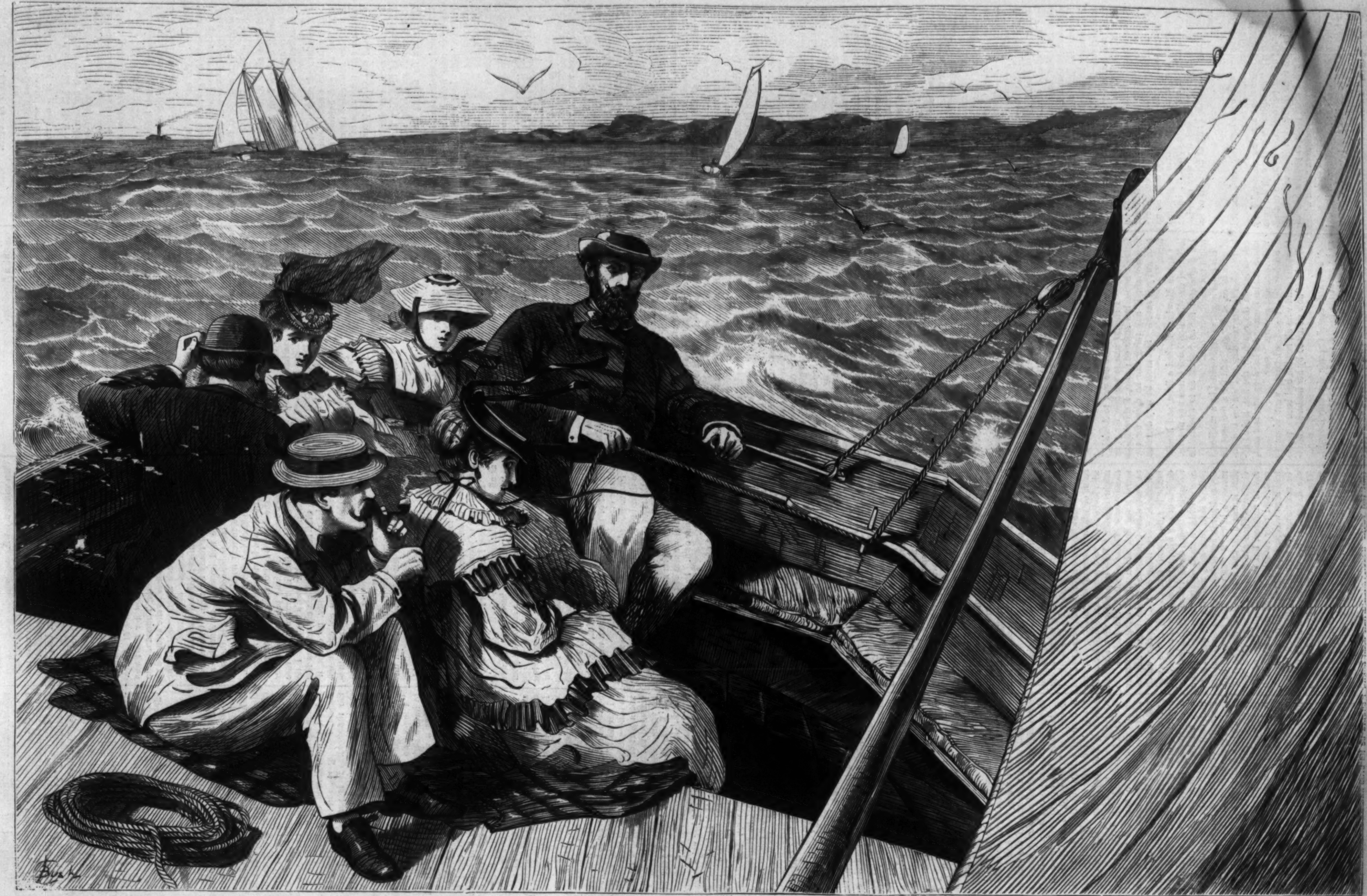
Ladies wear corsets from instinct—a natural love for being squeezed.

There is a story of a little girl who was affected to tears on being shown the picture of Daniel in the den of lions. On being told that she need not cry, for the prophet was not devoured, it turned out that she was distressed for fear that one little lion in the corner would not get any thing to eat, Daniel evidently being too small to go round.

Why is a candle-maker the worst and most hopeless of men?—Because all his works are wicked, and all his wicked works are brought to light.



HEN PHEASANT AND YOUNG.—[SEE PAGE 540.]



THE SAIL-BOAT.—[Drawn by C. G. Bush.]

THE MINER.

Into the ground he plunges his pick,
And well he knows the artful trick
Of sliding the prong between the rocks,
To tear it away in ponderous blocks.

Among the rocks his clear voice rings,
As over his work he merrily sings:
"What care I for wealth or power,
When the giant rocks before me cower,
And quiver and quake in dread alarm
At the powerful blows from my stalwart arm?"

Deeper and deeper down he goes,
As crumbles the rock before his blows;
For little heeds he the darkness and cold,
As he delves away for the precious gold.

The sun on the earth its bright rays sheds,
And Nature her glorious beauties outspreads,
Yet down in the ground he burrows away,
While the trembling rock-elves cease their play,
And gaze with surprise at the mortal bold
Delving away for the precious gold.

And Hope alone with its feeble ray
Cheering him up from day to day,
Whispers again the tale oft told,
"To-morrow may bring the precious gold."

The months and years roll slowly along,
And still he labors steady and strong,
With pick and gad, hammer and drill,
Making the iron-veined mountain thrill;
All alone save that voice of old
Whispering still of the precious gold.

In his lonely cabin at dead of night
He dreams of that fairy form so bright,
In the church-yard lying still and cold,
By his lust for finding the precious gold.

With steady strokes, and iron nerves,
He never once from his labor swerves,
Till some giant rock upon him falls,
Or crumbling earth from mouldy walls
Entombs him living in its grave-like fold,
And ends forever his search for gold.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.

"I sometimes wish that I were somebody else, that I might have the pleasure of finding myself out," said Lady Di, *sotto voce*, the morning after that brief interview with Thurstan on the stairs. She was looking pensively at Amelia Orme, and thinking how very obtuse and slow-witted that young lady was not to detect in Captain Mowbray's preoccupied manner, and in the stealthy glances he cast toward the object of his thoughts, the real state of affairs. Amelia, happily unconscious of the events of the previous evening, was airing her prettiest allurements to attract Captain Mowbray's attention. She drank her tea with a stratagem, she sighed over her dry toast, played with her butter, and repressed a naturally good appetite in a manner that moved Lady Di's pity.

"My dear child," thought the latter, as she composedly made an excellent meal. "It is of no use giving up one's little comforts on the off chance of attracting a lover. I don't believe that a man likes you the better for your abstinence, and if you fail in your designs on his heart it's a painful aggravation to your sufferings to feel physically as well as mentally an internal blank."

Lady Di did not allow her appreciation of her breakfast to interfere with her keen observation of Thurstan's movements. She noticed that he looked moody and troubled, and that the trouble was not entirely of a nature personal to herself. With a little pang of jealousy which all but neutralized her enjoyment of a delicious morsel of pâté, she recognized the probability of his thinking of that other one.

Later in the forenoon she scandalized Miss Orme by the deliberate manner in which she strolled out on the terrace with the evident intention of joining Captain Mowbray, who was talking over his perplexities with his cigar.

"Shall I go over to Auriel this morning, or shall I stay here, with—with—her?" Such was the burden of his thoughts. He had half promised he would be with Azalea early to-day, but then he knew he should feel sorry for himself when he found himself walking away from Holme. He knew now that if he sought Azalea's society he should still be yearning after that of Lady Di. "He could see Azalea any time," and herein lay some of the secret of Azalea's failure. With petty natures, security in possession is an antidote to passion; the more he thought he ought to go to Auriel, the stronger grew his inclination to remain at Holme. Nevertheless, so much do men resemble cats, he no sooner caught sight of Lady Di than he prepared to walk away in an opposite direction; but he moved at a slow pace, and that wily tactitian saw through and smiled inly at his feint of retreat.

"Thurstan!"

He turned and bowed gravely, and seemed about to pass on.

"Men's affectations are very clumsy," Lady Di thought; "he wishes to go through the form of staying at my persuasion. Well, we can afford to save their dignity in trifles, when in essentials we grind their pride to powder beneath our heels. I have never yet known a man whom Love could not make a blackguard of."

Unconscious of the self-condemnation implied in this cynical reflection, she proceeded gently with her work of demoralization.

"Look here," Thurstan said, abruptly, after she had urged various pleas to induce him to stay at Holme to-day; "I will stay, but on one condition."

"You are very peremptory."

"No master so brutal as the rebel who has been a slave," he said, with a short laugh. "Come in here; it is raining:" he pointed to a summer-house close by, and his companion obeyed his gesture, partly because heavy rain-drops were beginning to splash her hair and shoulders, partly because she was awed into subjection by his imperiousness. If men and horses were but conscious of their own power, and knew how to use it, it would be a bad time for women and equestrians. The summer-houses at Holme were not the ordinary combinations of mouldy walls, sticky seats, green slime, and ear-wigs. As a rule English arbors seem built for the express accommodation of centipedal hermits—spiders sulk in the corners, wood-lice lurk under the stones in a perpetual state of squash, and toads meditate in the shadows. But this garden-house had more of the house than the garden in it. The floor and walls were dry; there was a comfortable cushioned lounge near the fire-place, and in the grate a low clear fire was burning; a vase of hot-house flowers stood on a centre-table.

Captain Mowbray was silent for a space, and stood at the window staring moodily at the squalid landscape, and pulling his mustache.

"I think," said Lady Di, placidly, as she settled herself on the sofa near the fire, "that there is a storm coming up."

Then she unloosened her hair and shook it down over her shoulders, with the ostensible purpose of drying it.

He made no answer to her observation, but turned and looked at her long and steadfastly. Silence is sometimes full of a mighty eloquence. Passion deepens in its still breath; hate smoulders and love grows mad in that lull of verbal expression.

Presently Thurstan walked up to his companion, and, taking both her hands, looked into her eyes. Lady Di drooped her own uneasily. She never could bear to meet an honest gaze; no one since the days of her childhood had ever encountered any but slant glances from those deep gray orbs.

"Di," Thurstan began, and his voice was husky with agitation, "do you see those woods yonder?" she nodded acquiescence; "there lives a girl who loves me dearly, and to whom I'm bound by every tie of honor and affection. She is young" (Lady Di winced) "and beautiful; but—"

"But what?"

"But I'm mad about you again, and so mad that I'd give up every thing if I could only think you really loved me! Di, my darling, I have passed the age of visions. I can no longer woo a shadow. Are you still to be a cheat, or a reality, a glorious veritable joy? Do not madden me by these pretty trickeries of yours if they mean nothing. Will you come away with me, Di? Will you come away to the Continent? I can not be away more than a few weeks, though," he added, with a sudden relapse into the prosaic, "unless, indeed, I sell out."

Lady Di meditated an instant—she could not quite decide what to do—a few moments since and she had caught herself feeling weary of her renewed triumph. But still she liked him—she liked his dark, handsome face; she liked it the better for the strong emotion which was now convulsing it—emotion which she had raised, and she only had the power of allaying. She looked at his yearning face, at his pleading hands held out toward her, and she hesitated—hesitated so long that he turned abruptly away, saying, "I will go then;" and without looking at her he walked toward the door.

In another instant she stood before him barring his exit, with extended arms half veiled by her soft tresses, her eyes shining like stars dimmed by gray vapors, her whole face radiant with an expression which he had never before seen there. It was the expression of veracity—for a brief moment the true triumphed over the false, and, in its broader light, her beauty seemed transcendent. Lady Di had never looked so lovely as now, when, the genuineness of her womanhood asserting itself, she dropped her hands into those of her lover, and whispered, "Do not go, Thurstan, for I love you."

Then she disengaged herself hurriedly from his grasp, thrust aside his reluctant arms, and resumed her ordinary demeanor, twisting up the while, with expert fingers, the loose tresses of her hair.

Her sudden movement was explained by the approach of footsteps. Presently Lord Orme, with face innocent and serene, stood at the doorway, placid as a moonbeam playing on a conflagration.

"Will you point me out the way to Auriel?" he asked. "I should like to see how far your father's house has suffered; also, I should like to ascertain if any thing can be done for the poor girl you saved. She must be very desolate there."

Captain Mowbray flushed a little, and hastily indicated the direction Lord Orme was to take. He deliberated for an instant as to whether he would not accompany him.

His good angel, as represented by a modicum of conscience, said "go," and for a moment he half yielded to the mandate. Then his bad angel, sitting on the couch by the fire, looked askance at him from under her deep lids, and said, with voice and gesture, "stay."

So he staid, and Lord Orme went alone to meet the child who all her life had been orphaned, and was now widowed by her husband's faithlessness.

"Poor little dear," Captain Mowbray thought, as he sat at the feet of the lady in the summer-house. "It's lucky she does not know! For myself I am of opinion that ignorance is the basis of nearly all the bliss which we poor mortals enjoy."

Meanwhile Lady Di smiled at her lover, and then stifled a yawn.

"To what are you listening?" he asked, anxiously, after one of those pauses which were now no longer tragedies but delicious interludes.

"I thought I heard the luncheon bell," she said. "Shall we go in?"

CHAPTER XL.

AZALEA READS SOME OLD LETTERS.

The dull, gray day was passing heavily enough with Azalea among the grim ruins of Auriel. During the early morning hours her heart was blithe with the hope of seeing Thurstan. She hummed little wordless songs as she attended to her birds, and made such arrangements in the sitting-room as she thought would tend to Captain Mowbray's comfort; his easy-chair and foot-stool were placed ready for him. One or two books which he had imported to Auriel—an army list, the last published volume of the stud book, and the current number of *Baily's Magazine*—were placed in order on his writing-table.

The true woman is maternal even in her love affairs; she delights in exercising little cares for her lover's benefit. Nothing pleases her better than to spend her time in removing the rose leaves that may ruffle her lord's repose. I do not think that her lord adequately returns her civilities; he would fight for her, no doubt, if it were necessary, but he would scarcely resign his easy-chair to her, or omit to clatter the fire-irons because she had a headache. Azalea, having completed her arrangements, sat and looked drearily out of window, watching the avenue until her eyes grew pained by the intensity of her gaze, and her heart felt cold and sick with disappointment.

"Lor', Miss, don't take on so," old Sally said, philosophically. "What does a man matter when you've got a bit of meat for dinner, and a warm fire to sit by? Oh, there's nothing like the pinch of an empty stomach for driving the men folks out of your head."

"But, you see, I never have been so hungry as all that," Azalea objected.

"Then until you have been don't go and fancy you've got all the world's sorrow on your shoulders."

Azalea paid little heed to the old crone, but sat and watched until she grew very weary of her vigil, weary of those copper-colored leaves that whirled round in the puddles, weary of the wind's ever-recurring sigh, weary of the robin who tried to sing down the noise of falling rain, weariest of all of that long path down which he did not come.

She wondered what had delayed him so long; she thought of business, of illness, of every thing but the right cause.

Lady Di would have suspected inconstancy in delay, but distrust is an attribute of age and experience. And we are apt to gauge the faults of others by our own. Sally broke in once more on her solitude.

"Here's a box of papers and all sorts of rubbish I found when cleaning out Master Moore's room; won't you amuse yourself in looking them over, Miss Azalea, and in burning what you don't like to keep? Maybe you'll find some little thing that might be of use—to me," the old woman added, with a longing glance at the corner of a faded shawl which lay at the top of the box.

And Azalea, glad of any occupation which would require no mental exertion, sat down beside the crazy-looking chest, and commenced emptying it of its contents.

She removed the shawl with reverent hands, for to it was attached a scrap of paper, on which was written, "My dear Mary's wedding shawl." There were one or two other articles of woman's dress—a neutral-tinted ribbon which had once been blue, and a pair of mittens. There was a bunch of dead flowers, too, which crumbled into dust when it was moved. "The posy she gave me when we made up our quarrel" was inscribed on the paper which enveloped the sapless stalks; then came a tiny shoe, emblem of a bitter pang, the pang which is most grievous of all to endure, the pang which seems to wrench heart from body when the parent sees the flesh of his flesh, and the blood of his blood, wither and pale in death, and his anguish turns to blasphemy, and he rebels against the Providence which seems to him to sin against nature.

"I won't look at these any more," she said; "they make me miserable;" but as she prepared to close the lid, her eye fell on a packet which was labeled, "Azalea's mother." Her mother! her mother whom she never remembered to have seen, of whom Moore would rarely speak, and who had left no trace behind her which her child might cherish. Was it possible that, after all these years of estrangement, she had at last found some link which might bring her nearer to that sacred presence? She forgot Moore, Thurstan, every thing in the surprise which made her thrill with strange delight, the awed delight of one who, after long years, meets with a dear face he had deemed to be sleeping in death. She unfolded a small square paper which held a lock of soft, pale hair, and this she kissed gently, and put in her bosom. Of course it was her mother's hair; it was very like her own, only that it was dull, and hers had all the sheen of vitality. Then she read the letters; they were few in number, but they were the keys of the past, and they revealed to her secrets which it had been well perhaps that she had never known. In searching for memories of her dead mother she discovered the existence of a living father. These letters had been written by Lord Orme to the love of his youth in years long past, and they not only afforded unmistakable evidence that he was the father of the girl who bore the name of Azalea Moore, but they also seemed to indicate that the young undergraduate had been bound by lawful ties to the yeoman's daughter whom he had loved so hotly in the days when he had neither wealth nor title. As the truth dawned on Azalea through the confusion of her surprise her heart grew hot with excitement. She had sought manna, and she had plucked rue; the first blight of age fell on her in this bitter hour of mortification. She had a father, then; not that dear old man who had supplied the place of one, and who lay in the church-yard yonder, but one who living was yet dead to her. It was not death but unkindness which had orphaned her. She had no love, no reverence, to yield to this new-found tie; the parent had ordained that he should be a stranger to his child, and should they meet, it was possible that neither would recognize the other's face.

CHAPTER XLI.

FATHER AND CHILD.

Azalea rose from the perusal of these letters—her eyes dark with wrath. She was angered to her soul's depths. She revolted against the father who had done her the injury of renouncing her, and she felt shamed by the humiliation of his long neglect. As her eyes grew darker and her face paler with the pain of her thoughts, old Sally broke in once more on her solitude.

"Here's a gentleman wants to see you. Not Master Mowbray; an older man."

Lord Orme followed close behind her, and Azalea, looking up, saw a man hesitating on the threshold. It is possible that even then she might have fallen at his feet and craved his blessing and his love, but his first words fell like lumps of ice on the fever of her emotions.

"I am glad to find you in," he said, suavely. "I hope I do not disturb you, but I so wished to have a little talk with you about your father. He was a very old friend of mine. May I sit down?"

And Azalea, bowing, pointed to a chair, and said, with composure and dignity equal to his own, that she was happy to see him, and would listen to any thing he had to say. She seated herself opposite to him, and thus father and daughter met, after an absence of five years.

For a moment there was a pause. For a moment human nature held civilization by the throat, and choked down the glib courtesy of Lord Orme's tongue. He could see even in this dim light how fair the girl was—how like her mother in her beauty, how akin to himself in the refinement of her air and manner. Had he followed the prompting of that brief impulse he would have held out his arms to her, and called her to him. Then he remembered himself in time—remembered that such a revelation was not a part of his scheme, and that he was not prepared to lay bare to the world the scandal of his youth.

"I was so grieved to hear of your father's death," he began.

"Thank you!"

Was it his fancy, or did her voice convey an expression of scorn? It was a hard voice, he thought, compared to her mother's; that had ever sounded gently in his ears. He felt rebuffed; he scarcely knew why.

"I knew him so well," he continued, apologetically. "You must allow me to feel an interest in you in his behalf. He was one of my worthiest friends."

"He was my only friend," she said, quietly.

Her companion winced.

"You do not forget that I would have been a friend to you had you permitted it. For your mother's—I mean for your father's—sake, I would have undertaken your education."

"You proposed that which was a sin against nature, my lord. You proposed to separate father and child. No advantage can compensate for such a disruption of flesh and blood; no child would willingly consent to such alienation. I had no mother, and so I was less willing to resign the only human love and protection God had vouchsafed me."

Was this stern, beautiful woman the child who, when he last saw her, had craved a farewell kiss, blushing and trembling at her own audacity?

He guessed nothing of the tie which linked her with Thurstan Mowbray, nor of the discovery she had just made with regard to himself. Love had made a woman of the girl, and the sense of injury had infused something of masculine power into the profundity of her indignation.

"A parent is not always able to be all that he would wish to his child," Lord Orme said, with a flash of self-vindication. He added, more gently, "I desired to benefit both yourself and Moore by that suggestion. Had you consented to it—"

"Had I consented to it," she interrupted, "I should have been a heartless wretch. Surely, Lord Orme, you, who are yourself a father, can not forget all that the name means?"

He looked down uneasily. He feared to meet her eyes, even though their brightness showed dimly through the shadows. Involuntarily he held out his hand toward hers, and as she felt that contact with kindred flesh and blood the intonation of harshness melted from her voice, and she spoke earnestly:

"To be a father means, does it not, that a man is responsible for the birth of an immortal soul? Something lives and breathes, suffers or rejoices, is damned or is saved, which, but for him, need never have existed. His blood runs in the veins of this something; this duplicate of himself owns his trick of eyes, of voice, of gesture; his heart beats in its bosom; his evil passions are echoed in its vices; or, happily, his virtues are psalmed in its well-doing. Can a father pluck this thing from his bosom? Can he cast it forth while yet it is helpless and conscienceless? Can he, who should be its prop and its safeguard, leave it, a chance waif, to be blown about by the great breath of the world? As I was watching at the window just now I saw a laboring man going home from work. He was tired and stiff with the strain of hours of weariness; he could scarcely crawl to where food and rest were awaiting him; but when a child, a few years old, who toddled by his side, cried out that its foot was hurt against a stone, and put up its arms to 'daddy,' daddy shouldered it, with a look which almost seemed to make ill-favored poverty divine, so lovely was the love with which he forgot the sore distress of fatigue when he carried the added burden as though it were a blessing. I think that had I known such love as *that*, it would have pleased me better than all the advantages of the education your lordship was so good as to offer me."

He sat mute, overpowered by shame and wonder. Shame at the keen reproach her words implied, and wonder at the fervor and power of her language.

"It is a pity you were not a man," he muttered at last. Perhaps the thought crossed his mind that it would have been well had foolish, bird-witted Conrad possessed the powers of mind which were so wasted on a woman.

"Forgive me if I have expressed myself too strongly," she said, flushing. "I have only had men to teach me how to think and speak. Is there any thing more you wish to say to me?"

"Can I say any thing which will give you pleasure?"

He had risen from his chair, but he still held her by the hand.

She bent down her head meekly on his wrist and wetted it with her tears. There was nothing defiant or stern in her manner now. She was the woman, and filial in every gesture.

"There is one word," she faltered, "which might yet atone for all."

Perhaps he did not hear her, for her voice was very low. She felt shy of asking for what had been withheld from her so long.

"I am intruding on your time," he continued, hurriedly. "I will leave you; but if you would allow me, I should be so glad to assist you by any means in my power. For your dead father's sake, will you not let me be your banker?"

She recoiled from him with face ashy pale, sick with the pang of this last insult.

"O God, hearken to him!" she murmured. "I prayed him for bread, and he has given me a stone!" Then, with a desperate effort, she regained sufficient composure to speak calmly. "My requirements are not many," she said; "the poor and the solitary have few expenses. Circumstances have occurred which make me independent of your lordship's bounty. I will now bid you good-by."

He hesitated. How much did she guess or know? Should he confess all, and ease his conscience of its burden? He thought he would, if he could see his way to such a course—but not yet; he would wait a few weeks. Besides, how could he go back to Holme and announce to his daughters and his friends that the girl who kept the house at Auriel was his eldest and legitimate daughter, and, failing male succession, the heiress to his title? His error had never seemed so black to him as now, when he was most tempted to expose it to the world. He shrank from the idea of such exposure. He could not face it yet, he thought, but he would do it eventually. When he got back to Brighton she should come and stay with him. Rosa and Amelia would become familiarized to her, and better able to bear the shock in store for them; and she, on her side, might learn to love him, and forget in that love the neglect that she had sustained at his hands.

Meanwhile her coldness of manner repressed any further demonstration of interest. He held out his hand, but she did not seem to perceive it.

"You will hear from me again," he said; but she answered not a word. He was too confused and troubled to pay much attention to her manner; but he walked slowly from the house, feeling very much as if he had suffered a severe moral flagellation.

He bowed with mechanical courtesy as he passed the window at which she was standing, and then he went out toward the avenue. He paused once, fancying he heard a cry which sounded like "Oh, father! father!" but he reasoned himself out of the delusion. It was probably a trick of his imagination, or the wail of a bird. He decided that it was a bird, and pursued his way toward the misty gloom of the avenue. He moved toward the gate, and in another moment would have passed it, when she suddenly darted to his side, and clasping his arm with her hands, cried, in an agony of entreaty:

"Father—if you be my father—own me as your child! You have offered me alms when I wanted your love. Can not you give me a little love? Do you not owe it to me as a sacred right?"

He hesitated.

"Oh, speak!" she urged. "Tell me the truth, Lord Orme; am I an orphan? Will you not own your own flesh and blood? Are you not, in truth, my father?"

"No!"

CHAPTER XLII.

A PAPER DAGGER.

When the day came for Thurstan Mowbray to rejoin his regiment his faith in Lady Di was re-established, his admiration of her beauty was increased tenfold; and she, while she could not but scorn him for his folly, was yet sufficiently enamored of her triumph to wish to retain it a little longer. She left Essex some few days before he did, and, after she and the Orme party had made their adieux to their host, a parting took place in a secluded nook of the back drawing-room, of which no one was cognizant save the two people concerned.

"You will come and see me next week?"

"How can you doubt it; but may I not come sooner?"

"No," Lady Di said, she should not be free to see him alone until then. "Amelia and Rosa Orme are to stay with me;" which was true, Lady Di having inflicted herself with the company of the Misses Orme for policy's sake. She wished to keep them out of their father's way for the present; she wished him to feel as lonely as possible for the first two or three days after parting with her.

"I shall write to you," Thurstan said; and then he kissed her, whispering, "The joy of my life has come back to me with you; you are the only woman I ever loved."

She disengaged herself from his embrace and hurried away. Aloud she said to him,

"Good-by, my darling."

In her heart she whispered,

"What fools men are!"

Captain Mowbray wrote his letter, and, as ill-luck would have it, he wrote it at Auriel, and then he dropped it, and, having some other letters in his pocket, he went off to the post-office, and never missed the most important epistle of the lot. Truly, as Lady Di said, "Men *are* such fools!" As he rode off, old Sally, standing in the doorway, saw the white envelope flutter into a puddle of black mud. She picked it up, and, in her vigorous efforts to cleanse it, she rubbed off nearly all the sodden outside. Having done what mischief she could she placidly placed it on the table in Azalea's little sitting-room, and retired without waiting to see her young mistress and explain how it came in her possession.

Thus it happened that when Azalea came in from a romp with her dogs, blooming and fresh as any rose that gets brighter and more perfect every day in the sunshine, she saw only a smudged-looking paper, on which was a good deal of Thurstan's handwriting.

It was a long letter, full of adoration to his absent love; slightly tinged by depreciation of the poor little girl, "of whom you needn't be jealous, Di, for I swear to you that I never loved any woman as I do you;" it touched on the repentance he felt at having so shackled himself before he knew that he might yet be happy enough to win the one he most loved; it deliberated as to whether it would ever be possible for him to get free from this poor child, whom he would endeavor to make happy in some other way—any way, in fact, but that which necessitated his being severed "from you, who are all in all to me;" and it ended with saying:

"To-morrow, oh my darling! I shall see you again."

A brutal letter—could he have dreamed of whose eyes would have seen it; but he did not—and, moreover, he probably did not mean half of what he said;—the morbid fascination this woman had for him had warped his better nature, but surely he would never have written thus, could he have seen his young wife's face as she read his words and realized what they meant.

Drifts of purple-gray clouds floating over the face of a yellow wan sky, a blaze of crimson behind the moving shadow of the mill, spectre-like groups of trees, under which were strewn gaunt branches, broken off by the wind's fury; a throng of rooks blackening the shadowy summits of the elms, and waving slowly to and fro with the movement of their frail homesteads; all these Azalea saw without heeding. Neither mind nor eye seemed to take note of surrounding objects; yet for days after she sickened at the glow of sunset, and was haunted in her dreams by the movement of the wind-mill.

Now as the gray clouds deepened to purple, and the sun passed away forever from this day, Azalea was only conscious that the night was coming, and that the increased gloom accorded with the darkness of her soul.

Rage, the quick flash of passion which fires a generous heart when it first leaps with anguish at the stroke of unlooked for injury, had died away in her breast, and dull anger smouldered in its place; to pierce its density came such wild thrills of anguish that she prayed for unconsciousness, for death, that she might lose the knowledge of her pain; she loathed the quiet pictures on the wall, that stared with changeless expression at her hot living agony. She could have beaten the air with her hands, to force it away from her mouth; she pressed her face against the window-pane, looking with blank face at the dull sky, and cursed in her thoughts all the past happiness; all the sweet days of her lost youth. She laughed at their remembrance with a bitter scorn; the sunshine, the love, the happiness, all had been one vast cheat; the thought of those old hours might never make her cheek glow, her eyes shine with tenderness again. She had bartered all, all, for them, and now her own cruel self-contempt mocked her credulity.

The touch of the letter in her hand seemed to wither her heart, as a green leaf is shriveled by fire. Hours seemed to have passed since she read those few careless words which had changed so her face. Tired out by excess of mental suffering, she laid her head down on the faded sofa, which stood in the window recess, and fell into a sort of stupor. She remained motionless for some little while, listening to the surging in the air, and looking mechanically at the last wan streak in the western sky, when a distant sound of clattering hoof-treads and the barking of dogs brought back vivid consciousness of her pain.

"How shall I meet him?" she thought; "how look at his face, knowing all I know?"

Her soul rebelled against him, as she heard the cheerful whistle, the quick, light step, that heralded his approach through the long corridors.

She withdrew further into the shadow of the alcove, and watched the door through which he must enter.

He came in speaking bright and cheerful.

"I thought I never should get back!" he began; "the mare lost a shoe, and—oh, Azalea! where are you, Azalea?"

His voice fell at his disappointment at not finding her there. At any previous time she would have felt her heart bound with pleasure at such a tone, and would have rushed to meet him, with arms clasping round his neck, with lips pressing soft quick touches on his brow, cheeks, and mouth—now she sat crouched in that far off shadow, her hands stiff, her eyes fixed and bright; and in her mind nourishing an evil thought against the unconscious man who was basking in the kindly light of the fire. Hitherto she had been like one under the spell of a nightmare. In the dark hours of dreams she had often felt her feet and arms paralyzed in the face of some awful peril, from which they would fain fly. She had wept and prayed in vain for power to move her helpless limbs, and had only been released from the oppression of her position by waking to the brightness of the morning sun. But this was pain no happy dawn could ever clear away. And when the full consciousness of her position burst on her soul, when the sound of his soft voice broke on the amazed silence of her sorrow, when she knew that for evermore she must loathe that voice once so dear to her, must shrink from that face—for the sight of which she had longed with inexpressible tenderness when absent—had kissed with kisses that took her whole heart with them to his cheek when present; then indeed she felt as if the earth had suddenly turned to hell; that unseen powers were scourging her with pain sharper than she could bear.

"Oh!" she moaned, "let me die, let me die!"

Her hands fell by her side, and the slight rustle of her dress attracted Mowbray's attention. He moved from the hearth-rug still whistling a snatch of the air which had haunted him all day; it was a song Lady Diana had taught him, and the thought of how soon he should meet her had involuntarily brought this remembrance of her to his lips.

"Azalea!" once more he called; but Azalea fled by him as he spoke, and although he made a snatch at her dress, he could not succeed in stopping her.

"The little cat!" he said, half amused, half indignant; "does she think I am going to hunt after her all over the house?" Then, with a smile of satisfaction, he added, "She will soon come back again;" he settled himself comfortably in an arm-chair, and as he watched the leaping flames with tired, sleepy eyes, his thoughts traveled pleasantly away in the direction of London. In a delicious reverie he fancied himself sitting near Lady Diana's chair, his arm creeping round her waist, his lips hovering near her own; then he would start suddenly, fancying he felt Azalea's arms round his neck, and her hand holding his; but it was only the curtain flapping near his head, and when he looked at his hands they were empty. So he dozed again, and at last settled into sleep with the happy conviction that both women were heaping caresses on him, and that yet he was sorely puzzled, thinking "What a rage they'll both be in when I wake up!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Mechanics' Institute of Buffalo is making arrangements for holding an International Industrial Exhibition in that city, commencing early in October, and to continue a month. The Skating Rink, a fireproof building covering an area of 50,000 square feet, has been selected as an appropriate place for the exhibition. It is the design to inaugurate, by this undertaking, a series of annual exhibitions, in which the mechanical art of the United States and Canada may be shown under circumstances favorable for studying it, and for subjecting the productions to competent criticism. Articles are to be classified in seven departments: fine arts and education; the dwelling; dress and handicraft; chemistry and mineralogy; engines and machinery; intercommunication; agriculture and horticulture. By special arrangement, railroad, steamboat, and express companies will return free of charge all articles exhibited, on which freight shall have been paid to Buffalo, provided they are returned before the middle of November, and have not meanwhile changed ownership. Such an exhibition must tend to encourage inventive genius, and to arouse an enthusiasm which will lead to many valuable new inventions and improvements in old ones.

"Avitor" is the name of an air-ship which has lately been subjected to a public trial in San Francisco. The machine is a balloon inflated with hydrogen gas, about 40 feet long and 12 in diameter, with a light frame-work of bamboo and pine, and muslin planes on each side. A ribbed propeller of bamboo and muslin is on each side of the centre, and the power is an alcohol steam-engine, made of brass. The machine has also a rudder. At the second trial of the "Avitor" it was propelled at a rapid speed around the large building in which it was exhibited. A larger air-ship is now in process of construction, 150 feet long, and its engineers are confident that it will be a success.

The Saratoga races have brought together a motley crowd, who do not trouble themselves about the etiquette of a fashionable watering-place, but gratify their own tastes in smoking, drinking—otherwise than at the springs—gambling, betting, and talking "horse." Undoubtedly the "season" at Saratoga is at its height, for hotels are genuinely crowded; but people who really care for comfort will choose some other time to patronize the Springs than in mid-August.

The financial editor of an exchange reports marriages, dull; engagements, depressed; courtships, good and prime; scandal, overstocked; belles, plenty; beaux, scarce and of poor quality.

"Cancerine" is a new fertilizing compost of dead crabs. The shores of Delaware Bay abound with a species of crustaceans known as the king crab, or the horse-foot crab. The eggs cover the sand so thickly that they are shoveled up by the wagon-load, and carried away to feed chickens. The young fish are taken to fatten hogs; the old ones are gathered into pens, where they soon die, and then they are dried, ground down, and packed up in bags to be sold at the rate of about twenty-five dollars per ton for manure. The fertilizing power of "Cancerine" is reported to be double that of guano.

The invitation cards used on the occasion of a recent wedding in Atlantic City, Wyoming Territory, were rather novel, but the best the market afforded. They were a very superior style of playing-cards. On the ace of hearts was written the hour of the ceremony and reception. On the king of hearts was written the name of the bridegroom, and on the queen of hearts the name of the bride. The wedding was the first which has taken place in Atlantic City.

Relic vendors do not hesitate to multiply valuable articles in their line to an indefinite extent, as is well known. It is said that the "original" hammer that drove the last spike of the Pacific Railway is now in the possession of *seventeen* different cities!

On many of the city railroad lines clean and comfortable wooden seats have been introduced into the cars. It is next to impossible—certainly is not generally done—to keep cushioned seats in a public car in a cleanly condition. Vermin secrete themselves in the hidden crevices, and the danger of contracting malignant diseases is manifest. The health and comfort of the public would be increased by banishing all cushioned seats from public vehicles.

Raymond, a town in Minnesota, has been the scene of a terrible tornado, which to one family at least proved most disastrous. About midnight a farmer, in whose house twelve persons were spending the night, awoke and perceived indications of a severe storm. Almost immediately the tornado burst upon them with such fury as to tear in pieces and scatter to the distance of a quarter of a mile the entire house and its contents. Several persons were killed, and others seriously injured. The night being dark and stormy added to the horror of the catastrophe. The house was a block or log house, 16 by 24, one and a half stories high, well dovetailed at the corners and pinned with two-inch oak pins.

It has been computed that there are 843267808643289 864328976422451209798949734389121229 more flies this year than last; or, to put it more simply to those who find it too warm weather to run up such a numerating ascent, the excess of flies this year is 843 quinquedecillions, 267 quatuordecillions, 808 triodecillions, 643 duodecillions, 289 undecillions, 864 decillions, 328 nonillions, 976 octillions, 422 septillions, 451 sextillions, 209 quintillions, 798 quadrillions, 949 trillions, 734 billions, 389 millions, 121 thousands, and 229. An exchange, which must have spent most of the season in difficult computations, says that it would require just 60 triodecillions, 453 duodecillions, 872 undecillions, 723 decillions, 707 nonillions, 539 octillions, 754 quintillions, 199 quadrillions, 734 trillions, 507 billions, 309 millions, 451 thousands, and 991 years for one person, working at the rate of ten hours per day, to count these flies; and that if they were all gathered together in one mass, would make a pile 47¼ times as large as the New York Custom-house!

Niagara is to experience another sensation. It is said that "Professor" Andrew Jenkins, who is sometimes called the Canadian Blondin, intends to cross the chasm of Niagara River, below the Falls, about the 20th of August, by means of a velocipede ridden over a tight-rope. The place of crossing will be a short distance below the old Suspension Bridge, where the length of the spanning cable will be about one thousand feet. The vehicle to be used is of peculiar construction. The wheels are grooved, and it is propelled by the hands, a balance-pole being carried on the feet. By this means Professor Jenkins says he can surmount a considerable grade. Nothing of the sort has ever been attempted in public, and the novelty and danger of the feat will doubtless attract a great crowd to witness the trial.

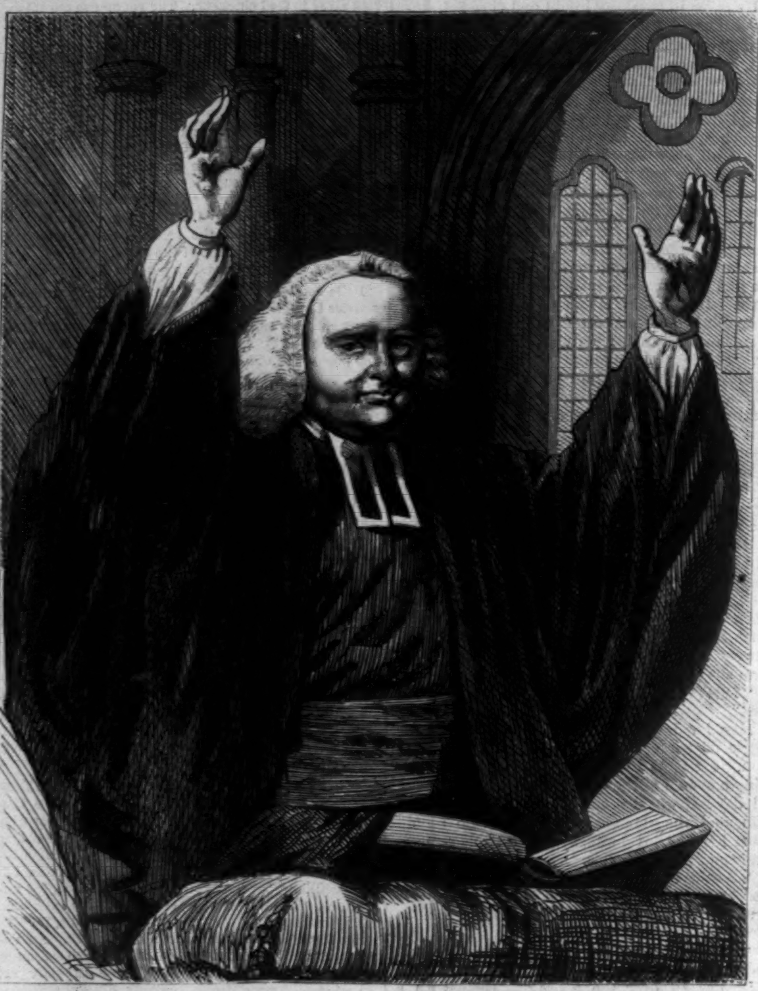
A singular and serious accident befell a young woman in New Haven the other day. She had placed a bottle of ammonia in warm water for the purpose of loosening the cork. Suddenly the liquid, by the expansion from the heat, forced the cork and the ammonia from the bottle full into her face. The pungent liquid penetrated her eyes, causing intense pain; and though skillful surgery saved one eye, she has suffered the total loss of the other.

The far-famed Parisian artist of fashion, Mr. Worth, is very summary in his dealings with his customers, even though they be ever so high-born and wealthy. Before he devises a costume for a lady he examines her as he would a horse he was going to purchase. He makes her turn round, stand up, sit down, and trot around until he finally issues his fiat. Then the customer has no appeal: she must take the dress at the price he indicates. Before the lady exhibits her new attire to the world, after it is entirely finished, she must appear in it before the great man, and see if it does not require a touch of his magic hand.

Fulton Market is not an elegant structure, nor are some of its precincts always spotlessly clean; nevertheless a walk through it of a morning at this season is not unattractive. The quantity of rich, ripe fruit displayed is marvelous, and the variety charming. Luscious blackberries, huckleberries, melons of various kinds, grapes, plums, pears, apples, bananas, and, prominent above all, peaches. Huge piles of this velvet-skinned fruit loom up on every side, all arranged and carefully sorted, according to size and quality. Peaches promise to be very abundant this year, therefore we may hope that they will be correspondingly cheap, though that does not always follow so naturally as one might suppose. The patent refrigerator cars are of wonderful service in transporting perishable fruits from the far West to our markets, and California luxuries have already begun to come hither as fresh as if raised in our own State.

In 1860 a sugar-planter at the Hawaiian Islands adopted a singular method of providing water for his plantation. He had a large quantity of arid land, destitute of streams of water. So he planted 50,000 forest trees, which grew rapidly under his care. Soon clouds hung over the new forest, and rain fell abundantly. Cisterns were built, the planter insured against droughts, and now he has a very flourishing sugar-plantation. A group of forest trees may thus answer a very valuable purpose.

Ghosts can be conquered. The famous "haunted house" in Watertown, Massachusetts, which has been such a mystery and terror to the credulous far and near, is now reported to have been transformed into a quiet, pleasant home; a gentleman not afraid of spirits having purchased it at a bargain, and improved its surroundings.



REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

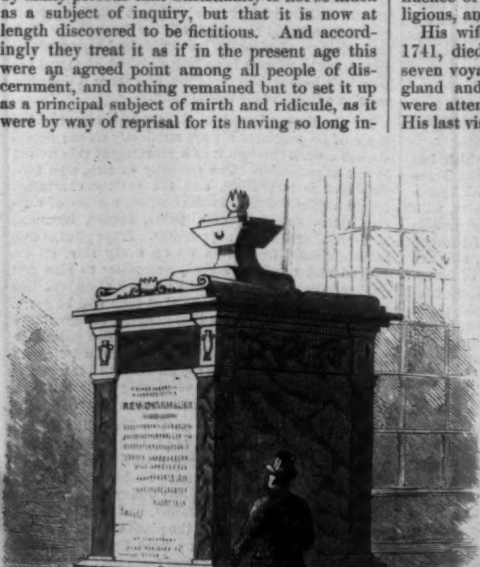
We publish on this page several illustrations relating to the conclusion of the Rev. George Whitefield's career in America. September 30, 1870, will be the centennial anniversary of the death of this eminent pulpit orator.

The Church of England in the early part of the eighteenth century had sunk into a state of moral and spiritual lethargy. A converted minister of the Gospel was looked upon as an exceptional wonder. The doctrine of the divine right of kings to implicit obedience on the part of their subjects; the principle of priestly control over the minds of men in all religious matters; and clerical influence, sustained by royal authority, thrown upon the side of immorality, had produced their natural results. The expulsion from their pulpits by the "Act of Uniformity" of two thousand of the most able and useful of the English clergy had led to great ignorance and neglect of religion; and though men like Leighton and Owen, Flavel and Baxter, with Bunyan and a host of others, had continued, in spite of opposing laws, to preach when they were not shut up in prison, and to write their immortal practical works, yet these men had been called to their reward, leaving very few of like spirit behind them. Thus infidelity, profligacy, and formalism almost universally prevailed. Bishop Butler, within six months of Whitefield's ordination, wrote thus: "It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly they treat it as if in the present age this were an agreed point among all people of discernment, and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisal for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world." Bishop Warburton, who commenced his ministry a few years before Whitefield, says: "I have lived to see that fatal crisis, when religion hath lost its hold on the minds of the people."

George Whitefield was born December 16, 1714, in Gloucester, England. It was here that Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday-schools, was buried, and here that Bishop Hooper was burned in Mary's reign. The father of Whitefield died when the son was only two years of age. The latter entered Oxford University in his eighteenth year. Here he became acquainted with a little brotherhood of Methodists, among whom were John and Charles Wesley. He was ordained at the Cathedral in Gloucester, June 20, 1736. Soon we find him preaching in London to vast crowds, and exciting an unusual degree of attention among persons of all ranks. About this time his attention was drawn to the colony of Georgia, in America, whither the Wesleys had gone. He soon made his first voyage to America. In 1738 he returned to Europe, and instituted open air preaching in England and Wales, where he had remarkable success. In 1739 he made a second voyage to America. Watson, in his "Annals of Philadelphia," speaking of Whitefield's first visit to that city, tells us that he preached to a crowd of 15,000 persons on Society Hill. In that city his sermons exercised a wonderful influence. "The change to religion here," says a gazette of the day, "is altogether surprising, through the influence of Whitefield; no books sell but religious, and such is the general conversation."

His wife, whom he married in England in 1741, died August 9, 1768. He made, in all, seven voyages to America, and both in New England and in the South his ministerial labors were attended with almost miraculous results. His last visit was made in 1769. His health was failing; but he came from Georgia to New England, preaching every where by the way. His last sermon was delivered in Exeter, New Hampshire, September 29, 1770. He had engaged to preach at Newburyport, Massachusetts, on the morning of the 30th; but that very morning he died at the house of the Rev. Jonathan Parsons.

It was owing to the labors of Mr. Whitefield that the first Presbyterian church in Newburyport was formed, and, whatever may be thought of the peculiar opinions of Mr. Whitefield, certain it is that his eloquence as a preacher was unrivaled, and his zeal for the cause he taught of the highest character. The fruits of his ministration here were great and striking; and the establishment of the society under consideration afforded proof of the permanency of its effects. He was buried beneath the pulpit in the church in Federal Street, in which a cenotaph was erected to his memory, in 1829, by the munificence of William Bartlett, Esq. In this house of worship is also a remarkably fine whispering gallery. We know of none which compares with it save that of St. Paul's, in London.



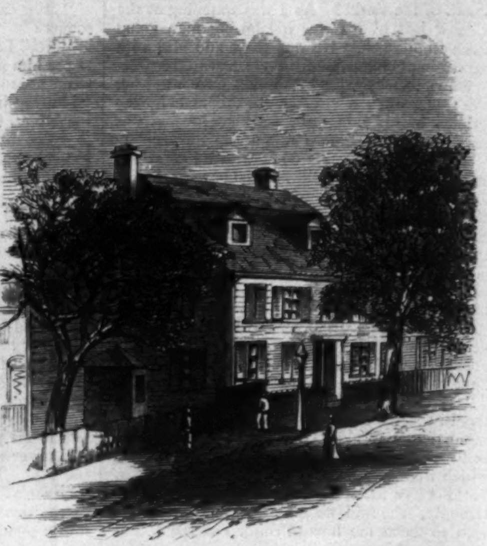
WHITEFIELD'S MONUMENT.

The following is the inscription upon Whitefield's cenotaph:

> "This cenotaph is erected, with affectionate veneration, to the Rev. George Whitefield, born at Gloucester, England, December 16, 1714. Educated at Oxford University; ordained 1736. In a ministry of thirty-four years he crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, and preached more than eighteen thousand sermons. As a soldier of the cross, humble, devout, ardent, he put on the whole armor of God; preferring the honor of Christ to his own interest, repose, reputation, and life. As a Christian orator, his deep piety, disinterested zeal, and vivid imagination gave unexampled energy to his look, utterance, and action. Bold, fervent, pungent, and popular in his eloquence, no other uninspired man ever preached to so large assemblies, or enforced the simple truths of the Gospel by motives so persuasive and awful, and with an influence so powerful on the hearts of his hearers. He died of asthma, September 30, 1770, suddenly exchanging his life of unparalleled labors for his eternal rest."

The house where Whitefield died, now known as the Whitefield House, is situated on the lower side of School Street, in an ancient portion of Newburyport.

The sketches from which our interesting engravings on this page have been made were furnished by Mr. Harry Remick.



OLD WHITEFIELD HOUSE, NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

THE HEN PHEASANT AND YOUNG.

In these days of erudite research it would form a very interesting theme for an antiquarian naturalist to trace the pheasant from the period alluded to by the great Spanish epigrammatist—

"Argivâ primum sum transportata carinâ;
Antè mihi notum nil nisi Phasis erat"—

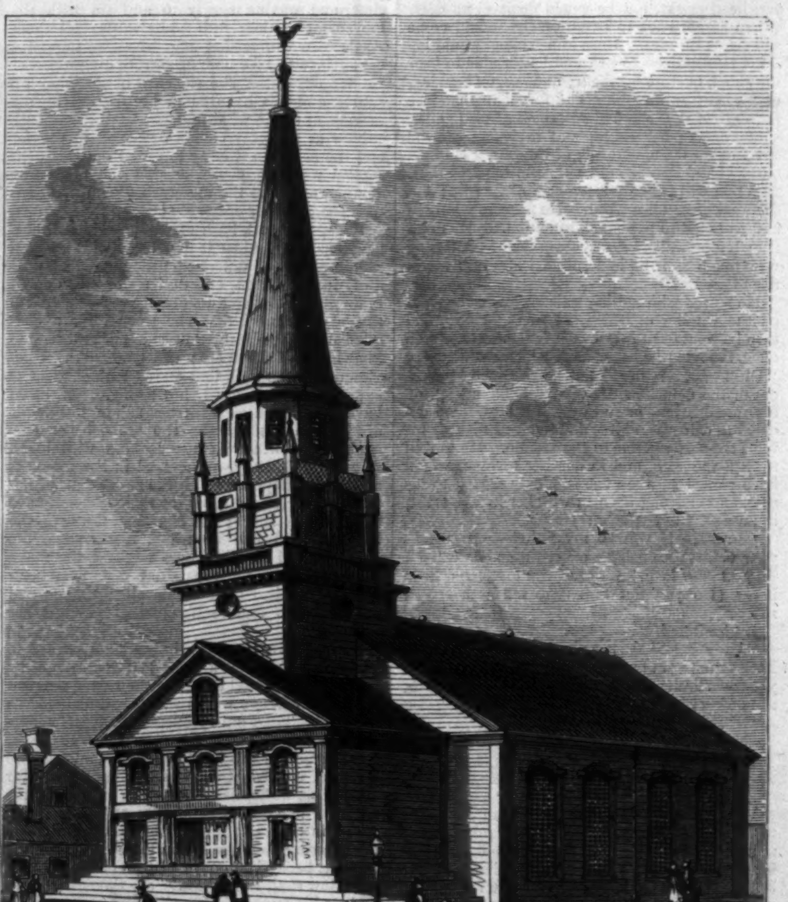
down to the present time. He could describe how these birds were abducted from the borders of the celebrated Asiatic river to the classic land of Greece, and how they have spread nearly over the whole globe. From Colchis, Mingrelia, and other countries bordering on the Caspian, they have proceeded westward through Greece, from the shores of the Baltic to the Cape of Good Hope and the island of Madagascar. Eastward, they have extended through Media to the most remote parts of China, Japan, and Tartary. In Africa they are known on the West Coast. In Europe, too, they have colonized Spain, Italy, the islands in the Gulf of Naples, Germany, Silesia, Bohemia, France, and England. The ancient writers give us a vivid sketch of how the pheasant formed one of those gastronomic victims which were sacrificed to the whim of the depraved and gormandizing Heliogabalus as a *bonne-bouche* for his pet and pampered lions. We may remember the anecdote of the King of Lydia, who, when seated on his throne, adorned with royal magnificence and all the pomp of Eastern splendor, asked Solon if he had ever beheld any thing so fine. The Greek philosopher, unmoved by the objects before him, replied "that, after having seen the beautiful plumage of the pheasant, he could be astonished at no other finery."

The common pheasant is almost as well known as the barn-door fowl; and, without entering into any details respecting this bird, it may not be out of place to know when it was first introduced into Europe. It is said, as we have already remarked, that the pheasant came originally from the banks of the Phasis, in Colchis, a country of Asia, extending along the eastern shore of the Euxine Sea. According to fabulous history, the first pheasant was brought into Greece by Jason, on his return from the Argonautic expedition. Aristophanes, who lived 400 years before the Christian era, mentions the bird in his play called "Nubes," where Strepsiades says, "Not if you would present me with the pheasants fed by Leogoras"—Leogoras being an Athenian *roué* and epicure of the first class. Aristotle, Martial, and Pliny frequently allude to the pheasant; and Martial, who, in one of his epigrams, calls it "Phasiana Colchorum," thus writes:

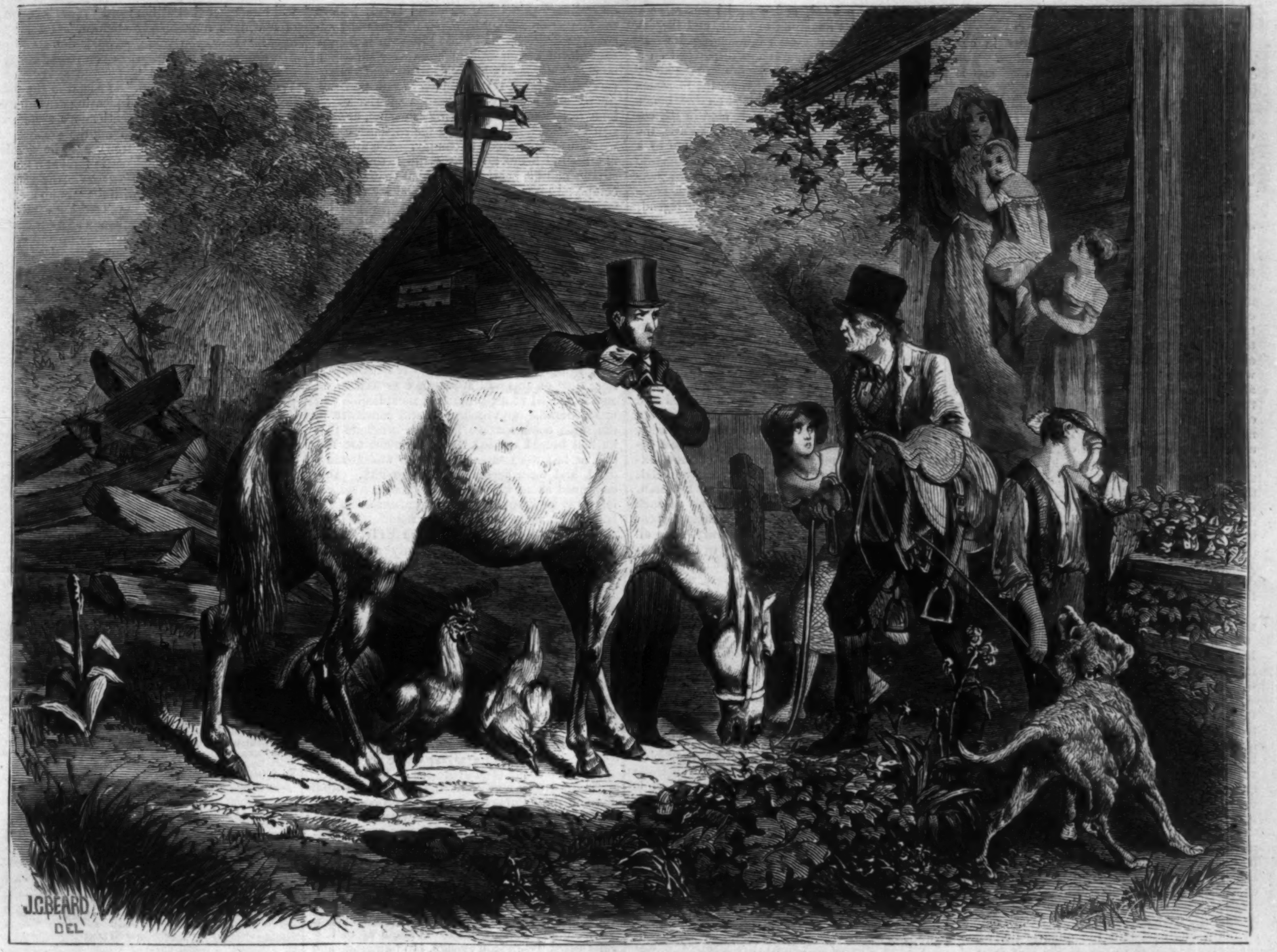
"Si Libycæ nobis volucres et Phasides essent,
Acciperes: et nunc accipe sortis aves."

The modern Italians call it "Fasiano," the French "Faisan," the Germans "Fasan," in old English "Fesaunt." It seems more than probable that the pheasant was first introduced into England by the Norman followers of William the Conqueror, although we can only trace it to the time of Edward I. (A.D. 1300). In the days of Richard II. this bird was esteemed a princely delicacy; and when George Neville was created Archbishop of York, in Edward the Fourth's reign, "two hundred pheasants appeared on the table as one item in that goodly banquet."

The hen pheasant is smaller, and does not exhibit that brilliancy of plumage which distinguishes the male; the colors, instead of being a glossy purple, green, blue, and reddish chestnut,

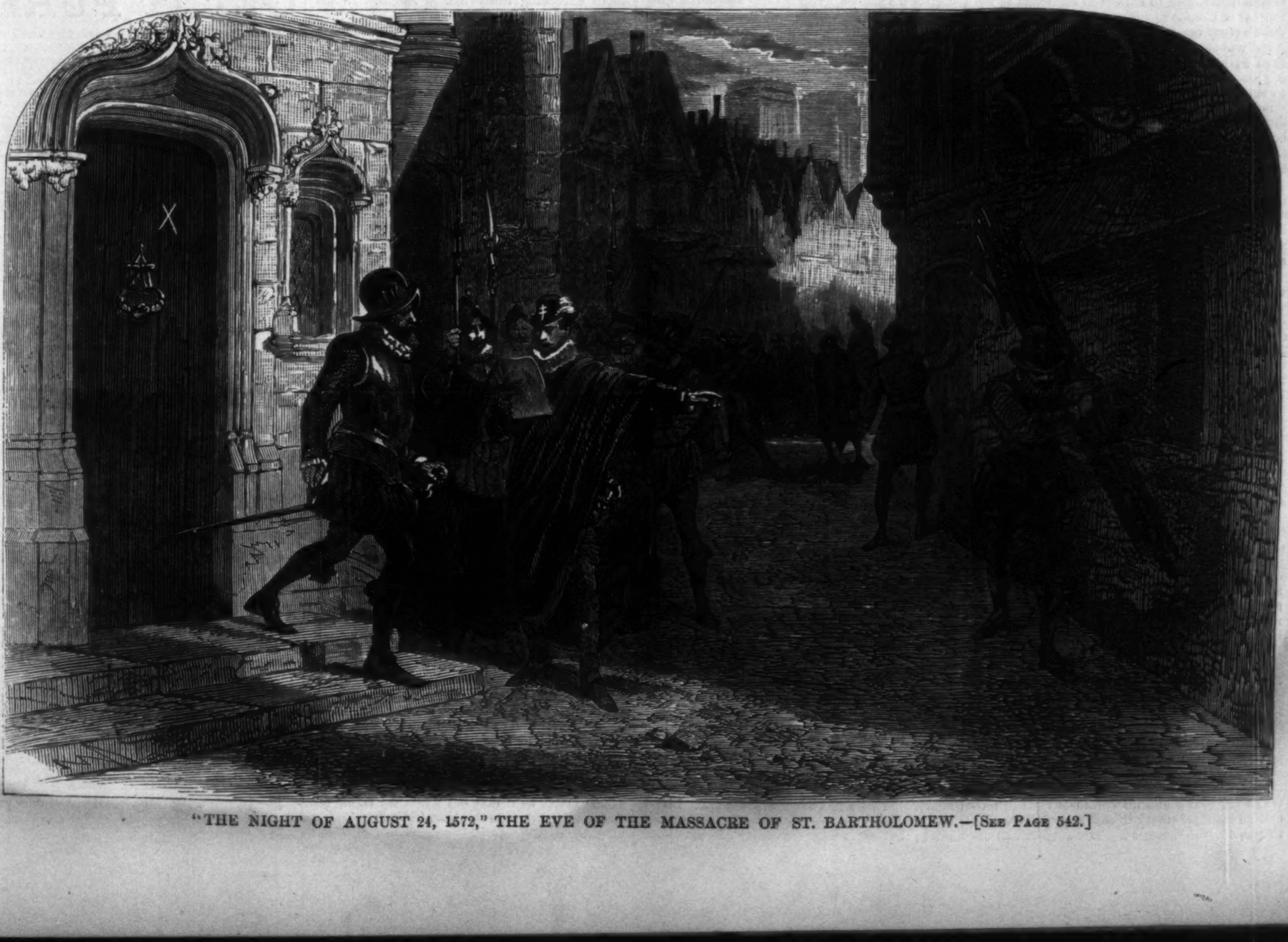


OLD SOUTH CHURCH, NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS.



THE FAMILY RELIC.—[See Page 542.]

variegated with black and white, and mixed with deep orange, are light and dark brown, mixed with black, the breast being finely freckled with small black spots on a light ground, while the space round the eye is covered with feathers, free from that mark, in appearance like scarlet cloth finely spotted with black, which the male bird possesses. The hen makes her nest on the ground, like the partridge, and lays from twelve to fifteen olive-colored eggs, which are smaller than those of the domestic hen. The young follow the mother as soon as they are freed from the shell. In her natural state the female makes her nest of dry grass and leaves. The young birds are very difficult to rear, and they must be supplied with ants' eggs, which is the food the old one leads them to gather when wild in the woods. In our illustration some of the brood may be seen indulging their appetites in insect luxury, while the mother is evidently listening to the sound of an approaching footstep. Should it be that of a poacher, armed with a net, she will realize that grief Macduff describes: "What, all my pretty chickens and their dam, at one fell swoop?"



"THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 24, 1572," THE EVE OF THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.—[See Page 542.]

THE FAMILY RELIC.

The scene rendered by Mr. Beard in our illustration on page 541 is full of pathos. The old farmer is reduced to an extremity, and is compelled to sell the old white horse. The bargain is being concluded, but the family stands around in dismay at its loss. One of the girls urges the father not to let the dear old relic go; some of the children are weeping; and even the baby seems to put in its protest against the sale. The picture is very suggestive and full of feeling.

THE EVE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

The subject of the picture from which our engraving is taken having over and over again been adopted by artists who sought a scene in which intense human interest might be expressed, great credit is due to any one who may succeed in treating it from an original point of view. In this M. Eugene Fichel has displayed genuine ability by the adoption of a method of treatment which may be described as realistic and historical. The whole scene—the marking of the doors, the reading of the list of victims, the treacherous conference in the streets so soon to be made human shambles—every thing is depicted with an appreciative power which at once appeals to our sense of truthfulness. As one looks at the picture the figures seem to move. We listen for the tolling of the bell of St. Germain L'Auxerrois, which is to give the signal for the massacre to begin. A page of history is presented to us in a form inexpressibly attractive, and we can not forbear congratulating the pupil of Paul Delaroche on the vigor of drawing and excellence of composition which he has so successfully acquired from his eminent master.

Samuel Smiles in his "Huguenots" thus describes the events of this memorable night:

"Between two and three o'clock in the morning of the 24th of August, 1572, as the king sat in his chamber with his mother and the Duke of Anjou, the great bell of the church of St. Auxerrois rang to early prayer. It was the arranged signal for the massacre to begin! Almost immediately after, the first pistol-shot was heard. Three hundred of the royal guard, who had been held in readiness during the night, rushed out into the streets, shouting 'For God and the King.' To distinguish themselves in the darkness, they wore a white sash on their left arm, and a white cross in their hats.

"Before leaving the palace, a party of the guard murdered the retinue of the young King of Navarre, then the guests of Charles IX. in the Louvre. They had come in the train of their chief, to be present at the celebration of his marriage with the sister of the King of France. One by one they were called from their rooms, marched down unarmed into the quadrangle, where they were hewed down before the very eyes of their royal host. A more perfidious butchery is probably not to be found recorded in history.

"At the same time, mischief was afoot throughout Paris. Le Charron, provost of the merchants, and Marcel, his ancient colleague, had mustered a large number of desperadoes, to whom respective quarters had been previously assigned, and they now hastened to enter upon their frightful morning's work. The Duke of Guise determined to anticipate all others in the murder of Coligny. Hastening to his hotel, the duke's party burst in the outer door, and the admiral was roused from his slumber by the shots fired at his followers in the court-yard below. He rose from his couch, and though scarce able to stand, fled to an upper chamber. There he was tracked by his assassins, who stabbed him to death as he stood leaning against the wall. His body was then thrown out of the window into the court-yard. The Duke of Guise, who had been waiting impatiently below, hurried up to the corpse, and wiping the blood from the admiral's face, said, 'I know him—it is he;' then, spurning the body with his foot, he called out to his followers, 'Courage, comrades, we have begun well; now for the rest; the king commands it.' Then they rushed out again into the street.

"Firing was now heard in every quarter throughout Paris. The houses of the Huguenots, which had long been marked, were broken into, and men, women, and children were sabred or shot down. It was of no use trying to fly. The fugitives were slaughtered in the streets. The king himself seized his arquebuse, and securely fired upon his subjects from the windows of the Louvre. For three days the massacre continued. Corpses blocked the doorways; mutilated bodies lay in every lane and passage; and thousands were cast into the Seine, then swollen by a flood. At length, on the fourth day, when the fury of the assassins had become satiated, and the Huguenots were for the most part slain, a dead silence fell upon the streets of Paris.

"These dreadful events at the capital were almost immediately followed by similar deeds all over France. From fifteen to eighteen hundred persons were killed at Lyons, and the dwellers on the Rhone below that city were horrified by the sight of the dead bodies floating down the river. Six hundred were killed at Rouen, and many more at Dieppe and Havre. The numbers killed during the massacre throughout France have been variously estimated. Sully says 70,000 were slain, though other writers estimate the victims at 100,000.

"Catharine de Medicis wrote in triumph to Alva, to Philip II., and to the Pope, of the results of the three days' dreadful work in Paris. When Philip heard of the massacre, he is said to have laughed for the first and only time in his life. Rome was thrown into a delirium of joy at the news. The cannon were fired at St. Angelo; Gregory XIII. and his cardinals went in procession from sanctuary to sanctuary to give God thanks for the massacre. The subject was ordered to be painted, and a medal was struck, with the Pope's image on one side, and the destroying angel on the other immolating the Huguenots. Cardinal Orsini was dispatched on a special mission to Paris to congratulate the king; and on his passage through Lyons, the assassins of the Huguenots there, the blood on their hands scarce dry, knelt before the holy man in the cathedral and received his blessing. At Paris, the triumphant clergy celebrated the massacre by a public procession; they determined to consecrate to it an annual jubilee on the day of St. Bartholomew; and they too had a medal struck in commemoration of the event, bearing the legend, 'Piety has awakened justice!'"

SINGULARITIES.

That man sprang originally from the dust of the earth, through the creative power of the Almighty, is a certain and unquestionable truth. Yet as out of that dust was also produced an endless variety of trees, plants, and flowers, with different forms, colors, and virtues, so, though all human bodies are formed of the same materials, yet some have possessed abnormal and peculiar properties and qualities so removed from the constitution of others that every man may, in fact, be pronounced in a greater or less degree a moving miracle. Records of these exceptional cases go back to a very early period. Pliny, in his natural history, and also Plutarch, mention some families or generations of such marvelous constitution that no venomous serpent would hurt them, but, on the contrary, shun all contact. The spittle of these men, or their sucking the place, was medicinal to all who had been bitten or stung. Of this race were the Psylli and Marsi; also those of the Island of Cyprus, who were called Ophiogenes. A certain Exagon, embassador from that island, was, by command of a Roman consul, put into a huge barrel or pipe, wherein were many serpents, on purpose to make experiment and trial of the truth of this asserted property. The issue was, the serpents licked his body in all parts gently with their tongues, as if they had been puppy dogs, while he sustained no injury, to the great wonder of all who were looking on. Avicenna writes of another that when he pleased he could put himself into a palsy, and also provoke venomous creatures to bite him, of which they died, while he remained unhurt. Saint Augustine (*De Civitate Dei*) says he knew a man who could perspire intensely, of his own accord, as often as he pleased. In Lloyd's "State Worthies" we find it written of Lord Bacon that he had one peculiar temper of body, which was that he always fainted at an eclipse of the moon, though he had no previous knowledge that such an event was about to happen.

Pontanus tells a story of one Colano, of Catania, in Sicily, surnamed the Fish, who was even more than amphibious, and lived longer in the water than on land. He was constrained every day to pass many hours in the sea, and said that if he was much absent thence he could scarcely breathe or live, and that it would be his death to forbear. He was such a prodigious swimmer that he preferred storms and tempests, and could swim twenty or thirty miles on a stretch. At last, in the Straits of Messina, diving for a valuable silver goblet which the king had caused to be cast in as a prize to him who could fetch it from the bottom, he there perished, for he never rose to the surface again, being either pierced by a huge sword-fish (*pescia spada*), or entangled in the cavities of a rock.

On the 14th of March, 1729, was born Charles, the son of Richard Charlesworth, a carrier at Longnor, in the county of Stafford. At his birth he was under the common size, but he grew so amazingly fast that by the time he was four years old he was near four feet high, and in strength, agility, and bulk equal to a fine boy of ten. At five he measured four feet seven inches, weighed eighty-seven pounds, could with ease carry a man of fourteen stone weight, had every sign of puberty, and worked as an adult at his father's business. This was the time of his full vigor, from whence he began gradually to fall away in strength and bulk, like a man in the decline of life. At the age of seven his strength was gone, his body totally emaciated, his eyes sunk, and his head palsied. He died with all the signs of extreme old age, and as if the months he had lived had been years. The above is extracted from an account published by Mr. Smith, a surgeon at Longnor, by whom it was transmitted to the Royal Society. It is also confirmed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1734.

Dr. George Cheyne, a celebrated physician, who died in 1743 at the age of eighty-two, wrote a celebrated work called "The English Malady: a Treatise on Various Diseases." In it we find the following singular recital: "Colonel Townshend, a gentleman of honor and integrity, had for many years been afflicted with a nephritic complaint. His illness increasing and his strength decaying, he came from Bristol to Bath in a litter, in autumn, and lay at the Bell Inn. Dr. Baynard and I" (Dr. Cheyne) "were called in to him, and attended him twice a day, but his vomitings continuing incessant and obstinate against all remedies, we despaired of his recovery. While he was in this condition he sent for us one morning. We waited on him, with Mr. Skrine, his apothecary. We found his senses clear and his mind calm; his nurse and several servants were about him. He said he wanted us to give him some explanation of an odd sensation he had for some time observed and felt, which was that he could die or expire when he pleased, and yet by an effort, or somehow, he could come to life again, which he had several times tried before he asked our opinion. We heard this with surprise; but as it was not to be accounted for on ordinary principles, we could hardly believe the fact as he related it, much less give any account of it, unless he should please to make the experiment before us, which we were unwilling he should do, lest in his weak condition he might carry it too far. He continued to talk very distinctly and sensibly for above a quarter of an hour respecting this surprising sensation, and insisted so much on our seeing the trial made that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first; it was distinct, though not strong, and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture for some time. While I grasped his right hand, Dr. Baynard laid his on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not find any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard was unable to distinguish the least motion in his heart, or Mr. Skrine the slightest soil of breath on the bright mirror he held to his lips. Then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart, and breath, but could not by the closest scrutiny discover the least symptom of life in him. We reasoned a long time on this odd appearance as well as we could, and all of us, judging it inexplicable and unaccountable, and finding he still continued in the same condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far, and at last were satisfied that he was actually dead, and were preparing to leave him. This continued about half an hour. As we were going away we observed some movement about the body, and, upon examination, found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe gently and speak softly. We were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change; and, after some further conversation with him and among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it."—Cardan believed, or pretended to believe, that he possessed this same faculty; and Celsus, in the reign of Tiberius, names a priest of Apollo who, he says, was similarly endowed.

ANIMAL MECHANISM.

Students of natural history have a perpetual feast in the contemplation of the economy they discover in the structure and lodgment of the various organs which give perfection to the body. The packing of the liver, to have it occupy the least room, but, above all, the manner of stowing the brain so as to have it exactly fill the skull, excites the highest admiration of those most familiar with this system of economizing room in Nature's handiwork. The human brain, for example, is supposed to be made up of distinct cords, lying side by side, too numerous and too delicately small to ever be clearly displayed, but rolled up in balls, under the name of ganglia, lobes, and hemispheres, occupying the least possible space consistent with their appropriate functions. If each cord were carried out in a straight line they might be from fifty to a hundred feet in length! There is one important characteristic gland in a man which is scarcely larger than a nutmeg, wholly made up of parallel tubes exceeding thirty feet in length. In the nasal cavities of carnivorous animals which hunt their prey by the sense of smell, the olfactory nerves, occupying apartments hardly the size of the little finger, if they could be unrolled and unfolded would present a broad sheet of nervous surface several feet square. These are but a few examples of the curious arrangements discoverable in animal organization, where important and complicated machinery is put into the smallest imaginable space, so as to insure compactness, security, and symmetry by economy in packing. Birds present very marked examples of this kind of animal perfection, but especially in an additional contrivance by which the weight of their bodies when at roost acts upon a compound lever, the arrangement of their legs being such that their toes cling to a limb while they are unconscious or asleep.

THE SHOCK-PEDDLER.

My favorite patterer is a man with a face of sickly sallow brown, an immense comforter round his neck, and a long-tailed—I may say many-tailed—coat, for it is ragged. He is attended always by a fat, baggy woman in a cloak. The man's voice is solemn and deep, the woman's harsh and creaking, especially when she means it to be most persuasive to the public. They go about with a traveling galvanic battery, and administer artificial "pins and needles" to the street public. The man mouths the long words with infinite relish as he describes, in a kind of cadence, the benefits he offers for a penny.

"This powerful little machine," says he, "entirely free from shock, is a sure cure for toothache, shortness of breath, gout, ague, rheumatism, nervous ability" (*sic*), "and diseases of the digestive organs." Then, much quicker: "Relieve the ed, clear the eyes, cause the blood t' circ'late in prop' manner. Is there any other party would like to try the slow, mild, and pleasing sensation at won penny?"

When a patient is on the rack he dilates on his sufferings and enlarges on his agonies, by way of encouragement to the rest of the public. It is also to be noticed that if the patient is a boy of ten years old he describes him to the public as "the young man;" but if a boy of fourteen he refers to him as "the gentleman."

"The gentleman will take notice" (or "the young man," as it may be) "that the signal for stopping the power of this beautiful little machine is given by the word 'Woe!' The gentleman will remember that at the word 'Woe!' the wole of it will be immediately stopped." (Aside to boy): "Now, you young stoopid, don't you go a-letting go the handles when you've had enough of it, but just say 'Woe!' Do you understand? Very well, then; lay hold." (Aloud to the public): "The slow, mild, and pleasing sensation is now passing through the gentleman's system at a pressure of ten degrees, giving the greatest of satisfaction" (turns the button). "The gentleman is now enjoying the electric fluid at a power of *twenty* degrees—now of THIRTY" (the gentleman is holding his breath with the "enjoyment," his teeth clenched, and his eyes staring wildly)—"now of FORTY" (the gentleman's hands clutch the handles very tight, and tremble up and down with the slow, mild, and pleasing sensation, while his feet dance under him). "The gentleman is now going to enjoy the full power of this invigorative little machine.—Remember the word 'Woe!' Sir." But with woe unutterable depicted on his face—with "Woe!" screeched from a mouth formerly paralyzed by pain, and now suddenly opened in panic, the boy drops the handles, and the "wole" of it is immediately stopped.

Very often two "gentlemen" or "young men" partake together of the "slow, mild, and pleasing sensation," under agreement that the one who first cries "Woe!" is to pay for the woes of both.

The last time I saw the traveling shock-merchant he was assuring a poor, drabbled woman, in answer to her inquiry, that his machine was invaluable as a curative for headaches "when people had been out on the loose." So she fetched her husband and treated him to a pennyworth. He bore it meekly, with a resigned and somewhat sodden aspect. When it was over he said he thought it had done him good; and he went and had twopenny-worth of gin.

The *American Agriculturist* for July contained an article classing the well-known firm of Hunter & Co., of Hinsdale, N. H., with swindlers, and charging them with dealing in counterfeit money. This is the charge for which Hunter & Co. have brought a suit for libel against the above-named journal, laying damages at $20,000. It seems evident that somebody is mistaken. Hunter & Co. have been known for many years as extensive booksellers and publishers, and can bring plentiful testimony that they are reliable and honorable business men. If not guilty of the crime charged, they have certainly much better grounds for damages than is the case in most newspaper libel suits.—*Springfield Republican*, July 31, 1869.

Dyspepsia Tablets cure Indigestion, Heartburn, and Sour Stomach. Fifty Cents per Box. Mailed for 60c. Sold by druggists. S. G. Welling, 571 Broadway.

Agents Wanted.—Hinkley Knitting Machine. Knits every thing. Send to office, 176 Broadway, for Circulars.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WEDLOCK;

Or, The Right Relations of the Sexes, is a new and popular Summer Book, giving practical—scientific—instruction as to who should and who should not marry. Booksellers have it; $1 50, or in extra gilt, $2. Sent, first post, by S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

GET IT PURE.

A pint of Pain Paint for $5, a quart for $8, or a gallon for $20, double strength, with full directions, will be sent to any person, free of Express charges, on receipt of the money at Dr. R. L. Wolcott's Office, 181 Chatham Square, New York; or 6 pint bottles of Annihilator, for Catarrh and Colds in the head, on receipt of $6. Small bottles sold at all Druggists.

PIANOS and ORGANS.

Prices greatly reduced for Cash. New Seven-Octave Pianos, of first-class makers, for $275 and upward. New Cabinet Organs for $45 and upward. Second-hand Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs from $40 to $175, at 481 Broadway, N. Y. HORACE WATERS.

CHARLES READE'S
FOUL PLAY,
HIS
WHITE LIES,
AND THE
SEVEN CURSES
OF LONDON
By JAMES GREENWOOD, the "Amateur Casual."

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,
Have Just Ready:

I.

FOUL PLAY. A Novel. By Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

II.

WHITE LIES. A Novel. By Charles Reade. 8vo, Paper, 35 cents. Uniform with Harper's Popular Editions of "Hard Cash," "Griffith Gaunt," "Never Too Late to Mend," "Foul Play," "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," &c.

III.

THE SEVEN CURSES OF LONDON. By James Greenwood, the "Amateur Casual," Author of "The True History of a Little Ragamuffin," "Reuben Davidger," "Wild Sports of the World," &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send either of the above books by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

FOR BOSTON

VIA FALL RIVER DIRECT.

The world-renowned steamers

BRISTOL and PROVIDENCE,

Com'r BRAYTON, Com'r SIMMONS,

Will Leave (Alternate Days) Daily,

FROM PIER—30—NORTH RIVER,

(Foot of Chambers Street),

—**AT 5 P.M.**—

DODWORTH'S CELEBRATED ORCHESTRA

Grand Promenade Concert

EVERY EVENING.

THE ONLY LINE RUNNING SUNDAY NIGHT.

PROVIDENCE Passengers by the above steamers will leave Fall River at 5:30 A.M.

ARRIVING at 6:30 A.M.

RETURNING will leave Providence at 5 P.M., making direct connection with the boat, and allowing a good night's rest on board each way.

To better accommodate the public,

THE SPLENDID STEAMERS

NEWPORT and OLD COLONY,

Commander LEWIS, Commander MILLER,

WILL LEAVE (Alternate Days) DAILY,

(Sundays excepted),

FROM PIER—28—NORTH RIVER,

(Foot of Murray Street),

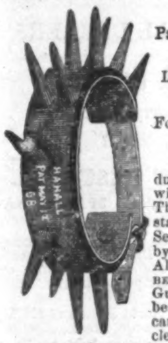
—**AT 6:30 P.M.,**—

FOR

BOSTON via NEWPORT.

FREIGHT received at Pier 30 up to 5 P.M., and at Pier 28 up to 6:30 P.M., each evening.

JAMES FISK, Jr., President,
M. R. SIMONS, Managing Director,
CHAS. H. VAILE, General Passenger Agent,
H. H. MANGAM, Freight Agent,
Narragansett Steamship Company.



H. A. HALL'S

Patent Improved India-Rubber Ankle Guard.

Lined with French Patent-Leather, to prevent removing hair.

For Interfering or Close-Traveling Horses and Colts.

The best article ever introduced, for by their use the horse will immediately widen his gait. They can be cleaned in an instant, and will last forever. Sent to any part of the world, by express, on receipt of $1 25. Also, every description of Rubber Boots, Knee and Ankle Guards, and all kinds of Rubber Goods adapted to horses and carriages, with every useful article ever manufactured of Rubber, at manufacturers' prices, at

H. A. HALL'S Rubber Warehouse,
35 Milk Street, Boston.

CYPRESS HILLS CEMETERY.

OFFICE, No. 124 BOWERY, N. Y., (Corner of Grand Street).

OFFICERS:
EDMUND DRIGGS, President.
WM. J. PEASE, Vice-President.
WILLIAM MILES, Treasurer.
WILLIAM EDWARDS, Secretary.
A. S. JARVIS, HERVEY G. LAW, JOHN I. VAN ALST, ALFRED M. WOOD, Trustees.
N. G. PALMER, Sup't and Surveyor.

Agents Wanted.

THE PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE WAR OF 1812; or, Illustrations, by Pen and Pencil, of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics, and Traditions of the Last War for American Independence. By Benson J. Lossing, Author of "The Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution." With 882 Illustrations, engraved on Wood by Lossing & Barritt, chiefly from Original Sketches by the Author. Complete in One Volume, 1084 pages, large 8vo. Price, in Cloth, $7 00; Sheep, $8 50; Full Roan, $9 00; Half Calf or Half Morocco extra, $10 00.

The author has traveled more than ten thousand miles in this country and the Canadas, with note-book and pencil in hand, visiting places of historic interest connected with the War of 1812, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, gathering up, recording, and delineating every thing of special value not found in books, and making himself familiar with the battle-fields of that war. Access to the archives of government, state and national, and to private collections, was freely given him; and from the lips of actors in the events of that struggle he received the most interesting information concerning it, which might have perished with them.

The results of the author's researches and labors are given in one imperial octavo volume of over a thousand pages, containing eight hundred and eighty-two engravings in the style of the Field-Book of the Revolution, to which this magnificent work is an indispensable companion. It takes up the narrative of historic events where the former work leaves it, and in a careful manner gives a lively account of the perils of the country immediately succeeding the Revolution; the struggles of the new nation with the allied powers of the British and Indians in the Northwest; the origin and growth of political parties in the United States, and their relations to the War of 1812; the influence of the French Revolution and of French politics in giving complexion to parties in this country; the first war of the Barbary powers; the effects of the wars of Napoleon on the public policy of the United States; the Embargo and kindred Acts, and the kindling of the war in 1812.

The events of the war are given in greater detail than in any work ever published on the subject, and the narrative brings to view actors in the scenes whose deeds have not been hitherto recorded. On this account it is specially interesting to many of the older families of the country.

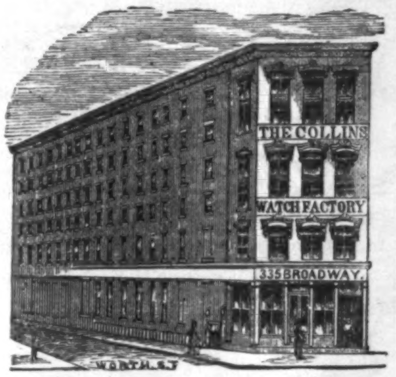
The illustrations of this superb work are similar in character to those of the Field-Book of the Revolution. The construction of the narrative differs from that only in having historical events arranged in chronological order. It forms a continuation of the history of our country from the close of the Revolution, in 1783, to the end of the second war with Great Britain, in 1815. Nothing has been spared by the author and publishers in their endeavors to make it the most perfect, attractive, and useful volume on the subject ever offered to the public.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

Removed to 335 Broadway.

$15. THE COLLINS **$20.**

WATCH FACTORY.



The Collins Metal and Jewelry Factory has removed from 37 Nassau Street to their splendid New Offices,

No. 335 BROADWAY.

These superior Watches have now been in use over three years, and give universal satisfaction; and although sold at so moderate a price, are not surpassed in appearance and for time by gold ones costing $150 and $200. They have been greatly improved, but the price remains the same, $15. Those of extra fine finish, $20. Gents' and Ladies' sizes. Jewelry of the richest styles, in every respect equal to the finest gold, at one-tenth the price. We have but

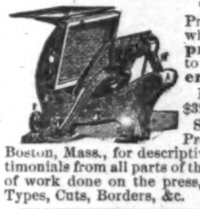
ONE OFFICE, NO AGENTS,

and are not responsible for the bogus and worthless goods sold at cheap jewelry establishments. Our Factory is the ONLY PLACE where the Genuine Collins Metal Watches and Jewelry can be had.

C. E. COLLINS & CO.,

No. 335 Broadway, cor. Worth Street,
(Up Stairs).

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING.



The Novelty is the best Press ever invented with which to **do your own printing**, and is second to none for the use of **General Job Printers.**

Price of Presses, $15, $30, $32, $50.

Send to BENJ. O. WOODS, Proprietor, 351 Federal St., Boston, Mass., for descriptive circular containing testimonials from all parts of the country, with specimens of work done on the press, and specimen sheets of Types, Cuts, Borders, &c.

SWEET QUININE. — SVAPNIA.

Sweet Quinine *is warranted* equal—dose for dose—to the sulphate (bitter) Quinine, with the important advantage of being sweet instead of bitter.

Svapnia is Opium Purified of its sickening and poisonous properties. It is the most perfect Anodyne and Soothing Opiate yet discovered.

Sold by druggists, prescribed by best physicians.
STEARNS, FARR, & CO., Chemists, New York.

$100 PER DAY DISCONTINUED.

Having obtained an extensive and wide-spread sale for our "**CENTURY**" brand of *Fine-Cut Chewing Tobacco*, we desire to announce that we *shall not* pack daily $100 in the small tin-foil papers after this date, July 1st, 1869, its merits being so favorably recognized that this inducement is no longer necessary. To avoid misapprehension, however, we would add that we shall continue to pack orders for elegant *Meerschaum Pipes* in our "**YACHT CLUB**" and "**EUREKA**" brands of *Smoking Tobacco.*

The "**YACHT CLUB**" is devoid of Nicotine, and can not injure the health, and is especially recommended to people of sedentary occupations or nervous constitutions.

The trade are invited to send for circulars.

P. LORILLARD, New York.

IMPROVED ALUMINIUM BRONZE HUNTING-CASED WATCHES.

The Improved Aluminium Bronze is a metal differing entirely from any ever offered to the public. Its qualities and resemblance to Gold are such that even judges have been deceived. It has seriously occupied the attention of scientific men, and has not only called forth the eulogiums of the press in consequence of its peculiar properties, but has also obtained a Gold Medal at the Paris Exposition.

The movements are well finished, perfectly regulated, and as all these goods are manufactured in my own factory, I am enabled to warrant them as excellent time-keepers.

Price from $16 to $22.

Further details will be found in my pamphlet, which will be sent, postpaid, on demand.

Goods sent by Express, C. O. D., with charges.
Address JULES D. HUGUENIN VUILLEMIN,
No. 44 Nassau Street, New York.

"As natural as Thackeray, and more real than Dickens."

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,
have just published:

My Daughter Elinor.

A NOVEL.

8vo, Paper, $1 25.

In some respects it will be justly regarded as the most successful attempt yet made to depict truthfully the aspects, traits, and tendencies—in a word, the normal characteristics of our manners and social characters.—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of* $1 25.

$10 PER DAY GUARANTEED

Agents to sell the Home Shuttle Sewing Machine. It makes the lock stitch, alike on both sides, has the under-feed, and is equal in every respect to any Sewing Machine ever invented. Price $25. Warranted for 5 years. Send for circular. Address Johnson, Clark, & Co., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., or St. Louis, Mo.

PARLOR STEAM ENGINE: made entirely of Metal; Boiler and Furnace complete; will work for hours if supplied with water, &c.; free from danger; a child can work it. Sent free, with instructions, for $1 00; three for $2 50. Address
WALTER HOLT, No. 102 Nassau Street, New York.

Agents! Read This!

WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY of $30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich.

EMPLOYMENT *that pays.* For particulars, address S. M. SPENCER & CO., Brattleboro, Vt.

GRAND EXCURSION TO

LAKE SUPERIOR.

The splendid steamer METEOR leaves Cleveland, Ohio, on Friday, July 16th and 30th, August 13th and 27th, at 8 o'clock, P.M., and Detroit, Mich., the following evenings at 10 o'clock, for Superior City, Duluth, and all points of interest on Lake Superior.

Rooms secured and other information obtained by application to
HANNA & CO., Ag'ts, Cleveland, O.;
BUCKLEY & CO., Ag'ts, Detroit, Mich.;
or J. T. WHITING, Manager, Detroit, Mich.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR

FOR **ZION'S HERALD** to Jan. 1st, 1870. A first-class Illustrated Religious Journal of 16 pages. 200 Contributors; 5 Editors. The cheapest paper in the land. $2 50 a year, in advance. Specimen copies free. E. D. WINSLOW, Publisher,
11 Cornhill, Boston.

Good Boys like Excellence better than Sham.—Inquire concerning

RIVERVIEW MILITARY ACADEMY,

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

A wide-awake, thorough-going School for Boys wishing to be trained for Business, for College, or for West Point or the Naval Academy.

OTIS BISBEE, A.M., Principal and Proprietor.

AGENTS WANTED—$75 to $300 per month sure, and no risk. We want to engage a good agent in every county in the U. S. and Canadas to sell our *Everlasting Patent White Wire Clothes Lines.* Warranted to last a lifetime and never rust. For full particulars to Agents, address the *American Wire Co.*, 75 William St., New York, or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

DO IT NOW.—Don't delay, but send 25 cents at once and receive MAPLE LEAVES for twelve months. It is the cheapest, the best, and the most popular Monthly published. Specimen copies sent on receipt of a stamp. Address
O. A. ROORBACH, No. 102 Nassau St., N. Y.

THE ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN is the best and cheapest. Contains the latest improvements—*Vox Humana* and *Vox Jubilante.*
J. ESTEY & CO., Sole Manuf'rs, Brattleboro, Vt.

AT DR. HERO'S SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES are advantages to be found in no other school in the world. EMILY A. RICE, Principal. Send for circular to
Dr. J. HERO, Westboro, Mass.

$9 A DAY FOR ALL. Address
A. J. FULLAM, 650 Broadway, N. Y.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

TERMS FOR 1869.

Harper's Magazine,	One Year......	$4 00
Harper's Weekly,	One Year......	4 00
Harper's Bazar,	One Year......	4 00

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, to one address, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly, *or* Bazar *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* Five Subscribers *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy.*

The Postage within the United States is for the Magazine 24 cents a year, for the Weekly or Bazar 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the Magazine, or 20 cents for the Weekly or Bazar, to prepay the United States postage.

The Volumes of the Magazine commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the Weekly commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

Subscribers to the Magazine, Weekly, or Bazar will find on each wrapper the Number with which their subscription expires. Each periodical is stopped when the term of subscription closes. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of Harper & Brothers is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

In ordering the Magazine, the Weekly, or the Bazar, the name and address should be clearly written. When the direction is to be changed, both the old and the new one must be given.

Terms for Advertising in Harper's Periodicals.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, $250; Half Page, $125; Quarter Page, $70—each insertion; or, for a less space, $1 50 per Line, each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $1 50 per Line; Outside Page, $2 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS,

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,

Have just Published:

PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE WAR OF 1812; or, Illustrations, by Pen and Pencil, of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics, and Traditions of the Last War for American Independence. By Benson J. Lossing, Author of "The Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution." With 882 Illustrations, engraved on Wood by Lossing and Barritt, chiefly from Original Sketches by the Author. Complete in One Volume, 1084 pages, large 8vo. Price, in Cloth, $7 00; Sheep, $8 50; Full Roan, $9 00; Half Calf or Half Morocco extra, $10 00.

THE SEVEN CURSES OF LONDON. By James Greenwood, the "Amateur Casual," Author of "The True History of a Little Ragamuffin," "Reuben Davidger," "Wild Sports of the World," &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

FAMOUS LONDON MERCHANTS. A Book for Boys. By H. R. Fox Bourne. With Portrait of George Peabody and 24 Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

SIGHTS AND SENSATIONS IN FRANCE, GERMANY, AND SWITZERLAND; or, Experiences of an American Journalist in Europe. By Edward Gould Buffum. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

SANDS'S PHILOSOPHY OF TEACHING. The Teacher, the Pupil, the School. By Nathaniel Sands. 8vo, Cloth, $1 00.

FIVE ACRES TOO MUCH. A Truthful Elucidation of the Attractions of the Country, and a Careful Consideration of the Question of Profit and Loss as involved in Amateur Farming, with much Valuable Advice and Instruction to those about Purchasing Large or Small Places in the Rural Districts. By Robert B. Roosevelt. With Characteristic Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

THREE SEASONS IN EUROPEAN VINEYARDS. Treating of Vine-Culture; Vine Disease and its Cure; Wine-Making and Wines, Red and White; Wine-Drinking as affecting Health and Morals. By William J. Flagg. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

RHETORIC: a Text-Book, designed for Use in Schools and Colleges, and for Private Study. By Rev. E. O. Haven, D.D., LL.D., President of the Northwestern University. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

A PARSER AND ANALYZER FOR BEGINNERS, with Diagrams and Suggestive Pictures. By Francis A. March, Professor of the English Language and Comparative Philology in Lafayette College, Author of "Method of Philological Study of the English Language," "Comparative Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Language," &c. 16mo, Cloth, 40 cents.

THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO: The Land of the Orang-Utan and the Bird of Paradise. A Narrative of Travel, with Studies of Man and Nature. By Alfred Russel Wallace, Author of "Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro," "Palm Trees of the Amazon," &c. With Ten Maps and Fifty-one elegant Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

FISHING IN AMERICAN WATERS. By Genio C. Scott. With 170 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. Being a Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, and Great Britain and Ireland. With a Railroad Map corrected up to 1869. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. Revised Edition: Eighth Year. Large 12mo, Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $7 50.

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK; or, Hand-Book of Travel Talk for Travellers and Schools. Being a Guide to Conversations in English, French, German, and Italian, on a New and Improved Method. Intended to accompany "Harper's Hand-Book for Travellers." By W. Pembroke Fetridge. Assisted by Professors of Heidelberg University. With concise and explicit Rules for the Pronunciation of the different Languages. Square 16mo, Flexible Cloth, $1 50.

◆

The New Novels

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

HETTY. By Henry Kingsley, Author of "Stretton," &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

MY DAUGHTER ELINOR. A Novel of American Society. 8vo, Paper, $1 25.

CORD AND CREESE. By the Author of "The Dodge Club." Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

STRETTON. A Novel. By Henry Kingsley, Author of "Hetty," "Geoffrey Hamlyn," "Ravenshoe," &c. 8vo, Paper, 40 cents.

THE DODGE CLUB; or, Italy in 1859. By James De Mille, Author of "Cord and Creese," &c. With One Hundred Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, $1 25.

THACKERAY'S NOVELS:
- New Edition, beautifully printed, with the Author's own Illustrations.
- VANITY FAIR. 32 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cts.
- THE VIRGINIANS. 150 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.
- THE NEWCOMES. 162 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.
- THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP. Portrait of Author and 64 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will issue immediately New Editions of Thackeray's other Novels, Illustrated by the Author, at correspondingly low prices.*

CHARLES READE'S NOVELS:
- HARD CASH. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 35 cents.
- GRIFFITH GAUNT; or, Jealousy. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.
- IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. 8vo, Paper, 35 cents.
- LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG. 8vo, Paper, 35 cents.
- FOUL PLAY. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.
- WHITE LIES. 8vo, Paper, 35 cents.

☞ *To be followed by Charles Reade's other Novels.*

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S LAST NOVELS:
- PHINEAS FINN, the Irish Member. Illustrated by Millais. 8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 75.
- HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT. Complete. With 64 Illustrations by Marcus Stone. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50. Part II., separately, Paper, 50 cents.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send any of the above books by mail, postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*